Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2 000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 107.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 20, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Harrison*

Miss W. Hart-Dyke

One of the most graceful dancers on the lyric stage. Miss Hart-Dyke is at present appearing in the *Catch of the Season*, at the Vaudeville Theatre

No. 107.—Vol. VIII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 20, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	593
Random Jottings	595
Week-End Sport. By H. S. Scrivener ...	598
The Playhouses	600
The World's Pageant	602
Princesses as Postmen	603
The Music-Hall's First Knight	604
An African Lioness Rampant	605
A Threatened Bristol Landmark ...	606
The Connoisseur	607
The Prince of Wales at Agra	610
The Prince of Wales in Central India ...	611
Field, Stream, and Covert	613
Matters Musical	616
Studies in Foliage	617
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 2.—"The Letter and the Lie." By Arnold Bennett	621
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	626
The Review of Ladies' Golf during 1905. By May Hezlet	627
The Library	631
A Woman's Note-Book	633
Bridge	634
Automobile Topics	635
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	644

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

NEW THEATRE. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Every evening at 9. Matinée, Wednesday and Saturday, at 3.
"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," by H. H. DAVIES.
CHARLES WYNDHAM, MISS MARION TERRY, and MISS MARY MOORE.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY at 3, 6 and 9 p.m. "THE CHARIOTEERS," London's latest sensation, AT ALL PERFORMANCES. Price 6*d.* to £2 2*s.*

EMPIRE THEATRE. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
"THE BUGLE CALL,"
A REVUE, By Geo. Grossmith, Junr.
And Specially Selected Varieties. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds." By Frederick L. Griggs. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Poems of William Cowper." Edited by J. C. Bailey. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Story of Noah's Ark." By E. Boyd Smith. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"A Bird's Eye View of History." By "Sursum Corda." (Arthur C. Fifield: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Live Stock Journal, 1906." (Vinton and Co.: 1*s.*)

"The Apostle of the Poor: Being the Life Story of General Booth." By T. F. G. Coates. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Elocution." By W. H. Breare. (Simpkin, Marshall: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Phantom Ship." By Captain Marryat. (John Lane.)

"Verses." By T. H. T. Case. (Greening.)

"The Lyceum Annual." (The Lyceum Press: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Amateur Cook." By K. Burrill and A. Booth. (Chambers: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Who's Who, 1906." (Black: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Who's Who Year Book, 1906." (Black: 1*s.*)

"Literary Year Book, 1906." (Routledge: 5*s.* net.)

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage." (Royal Edition). (Dean: £1 11*s.* 9*d.*)

NEW FICTION

The Broadway Booklets: "The Raven and The Bells." "Leaves of Grass." "Dramatic Lyrics." "Old Christmas." "Euphranor." "The Traveller." "Elizabethan Lyrics." "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." "A Dream of Fair Women." "The Ancient Mariner." "Christian Life in Sacred Song." "Rab and his Friends." "London Lyrics." "Songs from Shakespeare." "The Scholar Gypsy." (Routledge: 6*d.* net each.)

"The Price of Pity." By C. Ranger Gull. (F. V. White and Co.: 6*s.*)

"The Expiation of Eugene." By Frederic H. Balfour. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Canker at the Heart." By L. Cope Cornford. (E. Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Prophet of Wales." By Max Baring. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Silent Passenger." By G. W. Appleton. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Might of a Wrongdoer." By Shirley Brice. (John Long: 6*s.*)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Children's Classics: "Sinbad the Sailor." "The Ice Maiden." "Robinson Crusoe." "The Story of Jesus." (Library Press: 6*d.* net. each.)

"My System: Fifteen Minutes a Day for Health's Sake." By J. P. Müller. (The Anglo-Danish Publishing Company: 5*s.* net; 3*s.* 6*d.* net; 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Bilberry Wood." By Elsa Beskow. "Bonnie Little People." "The Seaside A B C." "Cinderella and Dame Wiggins." "The Old Woman and Her Silver Sixpence." "Ship Ahoy A B C." "Seven Little Puppies." "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor." "One, Two, Buckle My Shoe." "Tom Thumb." (Dean.)

Random Jottings

Do Cabinet Ministers read the personal sketches of themselves that enrich the papers as soon as their appointments are made out? I suppose that, being human, they do. It must be nice to know that one has an eagle nose and firm, tense lips, and is a kind father and dresses well; and that—so far as may be judged from these data—foreign or financial or legal affairs are safe in one's hands. In one way, of course, the Cabinet Minister has known long since about these things. The shape of his nose must have struck him many a time—for instance, when shaving. But, if he had not been invited to join the Cabinet, it might never have been an eagle nose. It might have been merely a big nose, with a curve in it. Quite a good nose perhaps, but not eagle. A solemn thought like this must interest even a Cabinet Minister.

By the way, has ever my Cabinet been so fully discussed in so short a space of time as has the present one? People not actually on the Press do not realise that an advance in this direction has been made by journalistic enterprise. The Ministers have been discussed not only in their political aspect, but in their literary, sporting, domestic, heraldic, and scholastic aspects. I doubt, indeed, if another really original article could be written about them—even by "One Who Knows Them"—unless it were one setting forth in a critical spirit the size of boots taken by each individual Minister. I do not know if there is anyone in the country who does know them, but an enterprising reporter might get to.

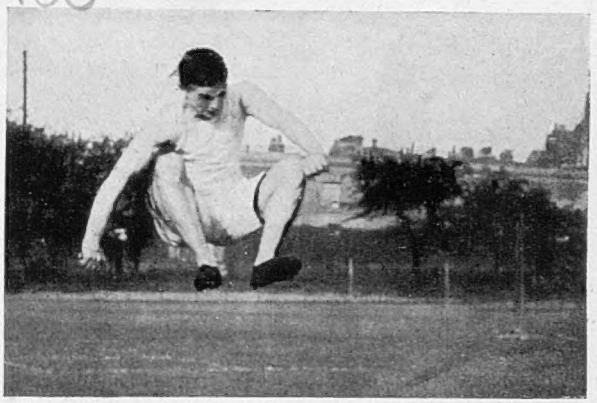


Photo by *Sanders and Crowhurst*

E. Morgan, who scored the winning try for Wales v. The New Zealanders

In this photo, Morgan is seen winning the long jump at the United Hospitals' Athletic Sports

Doctors are said to be much interested in a new disease, which has as yet received no name. The symptoms are a sort of hysterical rage, followed by deep depression and a sullen determination to have no more to do with ephemeral literature. The disease is believed to be caused by reading through an article headed "Santa Claus" or "How to Spend a Happy Christmas," or something similar, only to find on reaching the end that it is the advertisement of a library or pills. For some years past, of course, illiterate people have been accustomed to be deceived in this way; but the art of advertisement has reached such a stage that even literary men are lured on to their destruction. It is not the actual *dénouement* that acts so distressingly on their nerves, but the reflection that they have been taken in, and wasted valuable time in arriving at some point with which they have been familiar from their infancy. A critic of my acquaintance is so obsessed by the idea that nothing readable ends in any other way that he has begun a book to prove that Shakespeare's plays were really written to advertise a cure for indigestion. He hopes to find the key to these Elizabethan pills in the rhymed couplets with which Shakespeare was in the habit of ending off his scenes.

Slowly the Japanese influence is making itself felt in this country, and we welcome Mr. Yoshio Markino's criticism of Englishwomen's method of walking. "The English girl," says Mr. Markino, "walks along with her head in the air, so haughty. Our women go always with eyes cast to the ground. They do not care to be masculines." Mr. Markino is right. If Englishwomen would only walk with their eyes cast to the ground, it would be an excellent thing. People who walk in this way have been known to pick up shillings and even half-crowns. There would be no danger, as at present, of their slipping on pieces of orange-peel, or catching their skirts in matches which have been thrown down after lighting masculine pipes. But the great gain of walking with downcast eyes would be the impossibility of seeing into shop windows as they passed, and of the consequent coveting and ordering of some trifle. A hat, or jewel, or what not—which, if they had not seen it, they would never have wanted, and would be quite as happy without. It is true they might strike on some of these useless articles in the catalogues, which the bigger shops will persist in sending out nowadays, but, probably, they would not be quite so sure they wanted them.

My Lady's Lace

My lady steps across the street,
A vision fair to see—
Her modest skirts are held discreet
Above her dainty little feet,
Revealing hose and ankle neat,
And foamy lingerie.

The road of rain or drifting snows
Is clear as clear can be;
Yet who would venture to suppose
That fascinating glimpse she shows,
Because of ankle or of hose,
Or snowy lingerie?

On Choosing Gifts

(So many people at this season have to choose gifts for others, with whose tastes they are entirely unacquainted, that we have —by request—opened this little correspondence column on the subject. We hope it may be helpful.)

"What," asks Birdie, "am I to give my cook as a Christmas present? I do not wish the gift to take the form of money, as Mrs. Thompson would only spend it on her person, which is already overdressed." We quite understand your objections, Birdie. It cannot be pleasant for you to see Mrs. Thompson, whom you describe as stout and with spectacles, issuing from your front door in a sky-blue velvet blouse and a picture hat. There is no need to pander to her taste in dress. Give her a warm grey shawl, and, if she betrays any resentment, mention in a firm voice that your husband has gone for a policeman.

Once Bit, who is a widow, writes to us to say that her next-door neighbour, who has been very attentive and neighbourly, is a retired Admiral, and she has often noticed, when calling on him, how devoid of knick-knacks, and all the things that denote a woman's care, his rooms are. "I am anxious," says Once Bit, "to give him a little Christmas gift, and have been wondering if a case for his razors—with his initials embroidered in green upon it—would be likely to prove acceptable." It all depends upon whether Once Bit wishes the Admiral to continue neighbourly or not. Retired Admirals are often queer tempered, and we have known cases where such a gift has decided them to change their residence, without leaving an address. Something simpler, such as a Bradshaw's Guide, would be a safer present to make, if a present is necessary.

Alicia has three nephews, varying in age from four to nine, who are coming to stay with her at Easter. In the meantime, she asks us what she should give them for Christmas. She would like it to be something they could remember her by. Why not tin trumpets, Alicia? Not only your little nephews, but also their parents, would bear you in mind if your present took this form; while the instruments are made so brittle that in all probability they would be broken before Easter comes.

Augustus's case is not so peculiar as Augustus seems to think. He knows a certain Miss H—— slightly, having met her at a subscription dance, and he now feels uncertain as to whether he can with propriety send her as a Christmas present his photograph in a silver frame. He hints that Miss H—— is the most perfect of women, and that he hopes one day to call her his own. As Augustus has been so thoughful as to submit his photograph to us, we cannot but think that his best course would be to send the silver frame only in the first instance. Later on, when she was more used to him, she might welcome the photograph.

Yes, Mrs. Magdon, we are of opinion that your grandson, aged 16, will be delighted with the book you allude to, called "The Temptations of Frederick." Even if he is not delighted with it, he will not mention the fact in his letter of thanks to you, and as, if he reads it, it will raise his moral tone, you should have no hesitation about the matter.

Photo by] **The "Truth" Doll Show at the Albert Hall: Some of the six thousand** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Her Photograph

It stands upon my mantel shelf.
Each morn I take it up, and say:
"Ah! would that we could meet! The sight
Of you would brighten up my day.

For when I think what happy hours
We spent together, you and I,
My pleasures I but half enjoy.
You do not share them; hence this sigh!

Since that sad hour we had to part
My life has never been the same.
Farewell, sweet girl! My one regret
Is that *I can't recall your name!*"

The Topictator

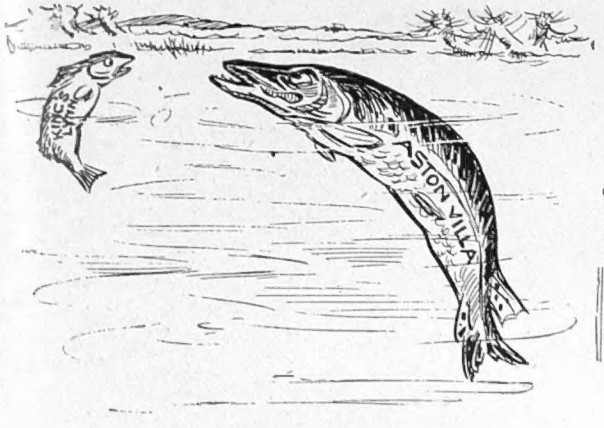
A Suggestion

Up to the moment of going to Press, we have received no news of the appointment of anyone to the onerous post of Master of the Buckhounds—which don't exist. What's the matter with our friend, the Member for Northampton?

Monday, December 11

THE FOG FIEND: "Ha! Ha!! So I've beaten my own record, have I? *You wait!*"

The New Pack: A Fairly Level Lot



(Aston Villa, the holders, are drawn to play King's Lynn in the first round of the Football Association Cup)

THE PIKE: "Fight you? I say, don't make me laugh!"

Tempted

RT. HON. "J. B.": "Shall I? D'you know, I fancy I should look rather the thing"

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The Defeat of the "All-Blacks"

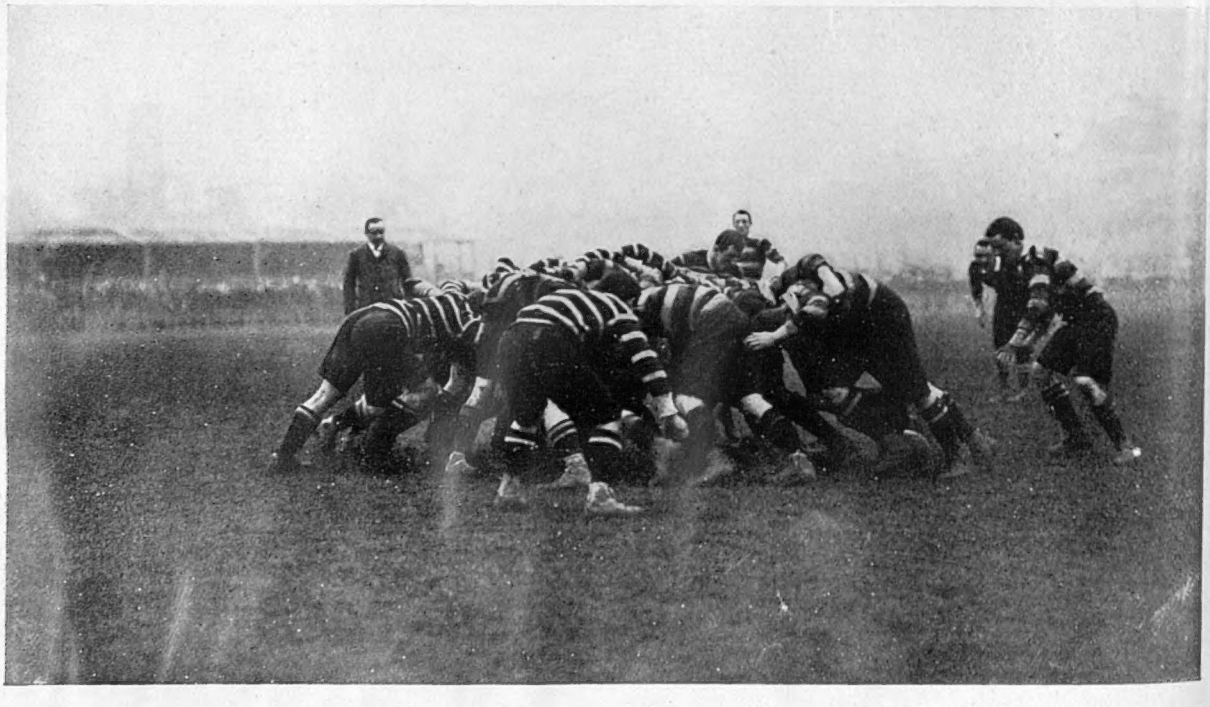
So it has happened at last; and we Englishmen may as well all own up at once that we didn't expect it. We admitted that if anybody *could* do it, it would be Wales; but there we stopped, and shrugged our shoulders. Even those who went so far as to say Wales *might*, entrenched themselves behind a whole row of "ifs." Of course, there are all sorts of explanations as to how it was done, but the true one is quite simple. It is, first and foremost, that Wales is a team in fact as well as in name, and, secondly, that she believes in the theory, which so many great generals have established in warfare, that one of the best ways of defending yourself against an enemy is to march out and attack him. But it was a desperately near thing, and one cannot help wondering what would have happened if Smith and Stead had been able to play.

The 'Varsity "Fogger" Match

Cambridge came nearer even than the score indicates to losing the 'Varsity match, for when L. M. McLeod intercepted that pass in the last few minutes, and thereby warded off a strong attack, he was dangerously near to being offside, and if he had been pulled up there would have been something more than an outside chance of a penalty goal. Of course, such a fine player as this must be presumed to know what he is about; but I cannot help thinking that (apart from offside risks) his standing so close up nearly all through the match was a tactical mistake. It enabled him to do a lot of smothering, but, on the other hand, it certainly compelled him to take a lot of his passes standing still, and then his reluctance to part with the ball until he had taken it some way caused him to edge outwards so near to Koop that when the pass finally came it led to little or nothing. In fact, he was most dangerous when he went to work entirely on his own. Great players are justified in this style of play (vulgarly styled selfish), even as some of the great three-quarters of olden days were justified. On the other wing, K. McLeod gave a perfect exposition of the modern game, and rendered the combination between himself and Burt Marshall wholly effective. In fact, Cambridge, despite the cleverness of the Oxford forwards, were a good bit the better team all round, and the fact that they did not win more easily was due to the marvellous ubiquity of Munro, and to his resourcefulness both in attack and defence.

Saturday's Rugger at Richmond

The victory of gallant little Wales at Cardiff contributed in a rather curious way to the victory of Leicester at Richmond over the Richmond team. The news of the defeat of the "All-Blacks" came through to the Athletic Ground somewhere about ten minutes before time, when Richmond, with a try to the good, were still having a bit the best of it. Wales being (even more than Ireland) a British possession, the British



Leicester v. Richmond, at Richmond

A "scrum" in Saturday's stoutly contested match, which resulted in a win for Leicester by five points to three

Wales v. New Zealand, at Cardiff

Reaching for the ball in Saturday's historic match at Cardiff, in w ich the Welshmen defeated the "All Blacks" by one try to nil

gallery raised a cheer, and the players on the field, with an inkling of what it meant, and yet without actually joining in the demonstration, continued the game with their minds somewhat alienated from the business on hand. But in the middle of this temporary relaxation, Bainbridge, the Leicester left centre, kept his head and the ball, and scored a try, which A. O. Jones converted, and this, as it turned out, gave Leicester the match. The winners, with A. O. Jones at back and Jackett at three-quarter (a reversal of the customary order of things due to Jones not being in regular training), were a slightly stronger team than that which lost to the Scottish on the 9th; but they again shone more in defence than attack, especially in the last ten minutes, when Richmond strove hard to regain their lost lead. R. N. Hancock, who scored Richmond's try in the first half, and very nearly repeated the operation twice in the second, was the best back on the field, both for pace and dodging power. Another Hancock — E. S. Hancock, to wit—was almost equally prominent in the Old Alleynians *v.* O.M.T.'s match, which the Old Alleynians did well to win by a goal to a try, although the Taylors were certainly handicapped by the absence of both Raphael and Barrett, whereas the Dulwich side had a strong and very fast three-quarter line, of whom Hancock and Gregory were several times within an ace of scoring. Everett, at half, also did well, though inclined to be selfish. Among the forwards, Farquharson, as usual, was a host in himself, and he it was who gained the winning points, converting a try scored by himself out of a loose *mêlée* near the Taylors' goal. The Taylors' try originated with Hanhart, who got clear away from a line out and started a neat bit of passing, in which Lepingwell, Lloyd, and Bull (who put on the finishing touch), all had a hand. Crawfurd did several good things at half, and Keysman was also prominent, especially in defence. The Old Leysians were outplayed by the Scottish, but the difference in the score (2 goals and 3 tries to 2 tries) would not have been so marked if that fine player, H. Hosken, had been better served. He made the most of nearly every chance he had, and scored both the O.L. tries in brilliant fashion.

Hockey

The downfall of Hampstead was brought about by Oxford in the first match of their Southern tour on Thursday. But Hampstead were unable to play their full team, and were a man short when the first two goals were scored against them, so that the victory was not as great a one as the bare result would indicate. The game itself, too, was rather a poor one. The next day, Blackheath, likewise below par, were met and severely beaten, but on Saturday the Dark Blues, after being one down at half time, had to work their very hardest in order to make a draw (four all) with East Sheen. Cambridge started their Southern tour on Friday with a match against the Hawks, whom they beat after a good match; but on Saturday, Willesden and Harrow stole a march upon them, and going off at a great pace, scored three goals in the first five minutes. After this Cambridge got together, and more than held their own, but they could never make up the leeway, and the final, and rather unexpected, result was 4—2 against them. Southgate expected their unbeaten record to go on Saturday, for they had to encounter Hampstead, but at the end of a tough struggle the honours were easy, with nothing scored on either side. The second teams likewise played a draw (one all). Southgate second, like the first, has an unbeaten record. It will now be very interesting to see how Southgate fares against Staines.

THE PLAYHOUSES

"PARISIANA" AT THE ALHAMBRA

The new ballet at the Alhambra is a joyous affair. Just as the first sniff of Paris sets the blood of the stolid Englishman coursing madly through his brain, gives a rake to his hat, a spring to his step, a gleam to his eye; so does *Parisiana* act upon the apathetic theatre-goer. It is difficult to see the revellers on the stage having such a good time without longing to join in the fun, and whirl some fascinating unknown through the mazes of "La Maxixe."

Fun is a most impish spirit. At times he is invoked in boisterous accents, and being in a cussed humour, sits apart, with the result that laughter has a crack in it, and revelry acts as a soporific. Fun has happily consented to preside over the Fêtes de Neuilly, making the last scene of *Parisiana* one of the maddest and merriest representations I can remember to have witnessed. Two incidents in particular were greeted with an uproarious enthusiasm, which was barely satisfied by a repetition. A line of pierrots accompany their own dance by playing on dulcimers fitted to the backs of each other's costumes. Others again, with a whoop and a somersault end up *patte en l'air* beneath little tables, fitted with bells, and ring out a measure with their toes. Oh, it is a brave show at the Fête de Neuilly, and he must be a dull fellow who remains unmoved by the sights, and the sounds, and the colour of it all.

But the ballet is not all fête. We have to serve a probationary course in an attic, tenanted by that well-known stage trio — the long-haired artist with a work of genius (unsold), his brave wife, and his sick child. Upon this least promising field for his talents there enters a little burglar, capitally represented by Mlle. Jane May, who is one real pantomimist among ten. She speaks to you softly, this Mlle. Jane May, with eyelashes and with little fingers; a little louder with her arms; and most emphatically with her whole body. If it had not been for Mlle. Jane May there had been too much of the garret scene.

Other clever people one must not forget to recall are Edith Slack, with her English, and "La Sylphe," with her Oriental, grace, and Senorita La Bella, prominent in the haunting, alluring Maxixe. E. C. S.

The Palace Theatre

A very good programme was offered to the patrons of the Palace Theatre to mark the anniversary of this, the thirteenth year as one of London's most popular halls of entertainment. The applause that followed the favourite turn showed us that the management had succeeded in offering just the thing to their audience. Amongst the favourites, Marie Lloyd received a very hearty welcome. Mlle. de Dio, Nina Martino, and Miss Victoria Monks each contributed a delightful selection from their repertoire. Lewis Waller, Charles Warner, Maurice Devereux, and many other well-known favourites of the stage, gave us either a song or recitation during the course of the evening's entertainment, which was undoubtedly a very successful and greatly appreciated programme.

The Waldorf Theatre

Tuesday, January 16, has been chosen as the date upon which Mr. Cyril Maude will commence his season, under the management of the Messrs. Shubert, at the Waldorf Theatre. Mr. Maude and Miss Winifred Emery will be seen in a new comedy by Sidney Bowkett, for which a title has yet to be found, and which will be preceded by a new first piece, entitled *The Particular Pet.* Meanwhile *Lights Out*, which is going very strong, will fill the bill at the Waldorf.

"Parisiana": Sketched at the Alhambra

Fog and the Drama

Of all the unpleasan things which have been thought (not necessarily expressed) about the fog, the most bitter must have possessed the minds of theatre managers. The drama is a strong attraction, but playgoers as a class are not inclined to run risks. The precautionary instinct which prompts them to argue the point and discuss most elaborate preparations before deciding upon a theatre, also makes them waver before the prospect of reaching their destination after calling at several other theatres, and of arriving home after having struck matches on the wrong doorsteps. It is pleasant, therefore, to learn that royal patrons of the theatre in the persons of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia of Connaught were sufficiently courageous to brave the pitchy darkness of "Black Monday" in order to see *Mr. Popple, of Ippleton*, at the Apollo Theatre. Mr. Paul Rubens' comedy, with music, contains many lines to the point, but surely, in the circumstances, none could have caught the house so much as the lament of the countrified Popple himself. "I have only been three times to London before; twice there was a fog, so these do not coun'." Varied are the effect of the elements upon the box-office of a theatre. Fortunately, our dog-days are not so doggy as to make theatre-going a weariness to the flesh (though a new play at a special matinée in August has occasionally set the seal of slumber upon the audience). Nor are we in England compelled to brave the stinging terrors of a blizzard of the American variety, which reaches a state of wild fury between the rise and fall of the curtain. But bad weather conditions are not always unfavourable to playgoing, as was once pointed out to me by a touring manager. "A shower of rain about half-past seven o'clock," said he, "is a perfect godsend to us, because at that time the people, for want of anything better to do, are mooning about the streets, and the rain drives them into the theatre for shelter!" A cynical man this, with whom it were unwise to hold forth upon the genuine love of the theatre which possesses the English mind. E. C. S.

Just-the-thing Matinées

The late Charles Morton created at the Palace Theatre the refined and fashionable music-hall entertainment for adults His successor, Mr. Alfred Butt, this Christmas intends to show what a variety house can do for upper and middle-class children. So-called "Just-the-thing" Matinées are the principal feature of the Palace Christmas arrangements. The programme will be just the thing, because every "turn" will be specially suitable to children, and at the same time there will be nothing in it which adults might find tiresome.

Juliette's Sea Lions will appear in a new equestrian act; Mdlle. De Dio will be seen in her sensational dances with wonderful fire and water effects; Abe Mitchell and her Negro Students (including the famous "Topsy") with their plantation melodies and weird dancing will also be in the bill; Wilson Hallett will imitate baby-talk; and last, but not least, Mr. Butt is producing at Christmas, in both afternoon and evening bills, a musical farcical fantasy, entitled "Moonshine," in which the Palace Girls will appear in some incidental dances. Miss Ruth Lincoln will have some songs, and there will be plenty of genuine comedy to appeal to adults as well as children. The Just-the-thing Matinées will be given every afternoon during the Christmas holidays, commencing on Boxing Day.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Bystander" Theatre Guide

Garrick, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—Well over the fiftieth night mark.

Adelphi, at 8: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*—Seems paradoxical, but this is an ideal Christmassy production.

Wyndham's, at 8.45: *Public Opinion.*—An amusing farce, with one situation running through three acts without slowing down.

New, at 9: *Captain Drew* is drawing.

Court, at 8.15: *Major Barbara.*—Entertaining discussion by G. B. S. Oh, why does Bill Walker bash sweet Jenny Hill?

Imperial, at 8.15: *The Temptation of Samuel Burge.*—Amusing farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Fenn. At 8.45: *The Perfect Lover.*—An ethical play, with good situations and well acted.

Scala, at 8: *Mrs. Grundy.*—Domestic play, with sentimental interludes. Master Herbert Hollom a wonderful stage child.

Apollo, at 8.15: *Mr. Popple (of Ippleton)* is Mr. Huntley in his best form, as a countryman in London.

Waldorf, at 8.45: *Lights Out.*—A strong dish, though adapter omitted to put in Teutonic flavouring.

Great Queen Street Theatre: The German Company.—Always worth a visit.

Musical plays at Daly's, Criterion, Gaiety, Lyric.—Take them in order named.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King's Young Host

Master Henry John Ralph Bankes, rising four, has enjoyed an experience which probably has not fallen to the lot of any other child of his tender years; he has played the part of host to the King at his beautiful country seat, Kingston Lacy, near Wimborne. The King, when staying at Crichel, drove over to Kingston Lacy with the majority of Lord and Lady Alington's house-party. His Majesty planted a cedar on the lawn close to the one planted by the Duke of Wellington in 1826. After tea, King Edward inspected the treasures for which Kingston Lacey is noted. The youthful host is the only son of the late Mr. Walter Ralph Bankes, who was a J.P. and D.L. for Dorset, a patron of three livings, Lord High Admiral of the Purbeck Seas, and Mayor of Corfe Castle, another historic residence of which Master Bankes is owner.

Master Henry Ralph Bankes

Owner of Kingston Lacy, near Wimborne, and other large historical estates

The Prince in India

The Prince of Wales will have seen so much pageantry by the time he has completed his Indian tour that it is probable the places where there was less ceremonial will leave a more lasting impression on his memory. At Bikanir, for instance, formal receptions were dispensed with, and under the guidance of the Maharajah, a keen sportsman with the tastes of an English country gentleman, the Royal party proceeded to shoot small game, which abounds near tanks twenty miles from the town. Bikanir is the capital of a Rajput State, and is a point of interest in a vast tract of desolate country. The city is surrounded by a battlemented wall of three and a half miles in circuit, and distance lends to it the enchantment which is the portion of many other Indian cities. Close acquaintanceship with Bikanir, however, reveals narrow, dirty lanes and general squalor, a not uncommon price of picturesqueness. The industries of the place include pottery, stone-cutting, carving, the making of white candy and of blankets.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

The Prince of Wales and the Maharajah of Bikanir

At Bikanir—a city in a desert—the Prince of Wales enjoyed a respite from ceremonial, the Royal party being entertained by the Maharajah to small game shooting, some twenty miles from the town

Princesses as Postmen

The Latest Hobby for Russian Ladies

Delivering letters and telegrams is quite *the* thing just now in the Russian smart-set. Everybody who is really anybody in the Tsar's distracted dominions, particularly Princesses, Duchesses, Countesses, and the like, is now engaged in carrying letters from the post-office to various quarters of St. Petersburg. Not that the fair ones pled on foot through the snows, from house to house, and from hour to hour, like the seditious postmen whose place they take. The Princesses Ourosoff, Leuchtenburg, and Troubetskoy, the Countess Mordvinoff, Mlle. Postkooska and other luxuriant letter-carriers, ply to and fro in carriages and motors. The air of the office, once choked with stale tobacco, is now fragrant with "soft, sense-soothing odours," and "postal parade," near the Nevsky daily, bids fair to eclipse the Row in May as a fashionable display. There is a sad side, of course, to the question. It fell a little roughly, perhaps, on THE BYSTANDER'S St. Petersburg correspondent to discover that the Princess who drove up in a fairy carriage and disturbed his slumbers the other day, as he thought on some strange romantic errand, was merely bringing from the post-office a letter from the Editor requiring an instant supply of "copy." And, again, as Christmas is on them, the Princess-Postman in quest of a Christmas-box is a vision which is being contemplated with some alarm by St. Petersburg householders. We publish photographs of some of the "postmen," Mlle. Postkooska, the Princess Ourosoff, and Countess Mordvinoff, the first named being a well-known Russian operatic singer.

Mlle. Postkooska
A well-known Russian operatic singer, who has acted as a volunteer postman in St. Petersburg

Countess Mordvinoff

Princess Ourosoff

Two ladies of the Russian nobility who, last week, came to the aid of the Government during the strikes as postmen, and, with motors and carriages, daily delivered letters to residents

The Music-Hall's First Knight

The Tube King

The serious illness of Mr. Yerkes, the electrifier of the District Railway, and Tube King in general, will inspire the sympathy of all, even the strap-hanger, for whose existence and notoriety Mr. Yerkes is responsible. The multi-millionaire is a Philadelphian, of Quaker family and education. He began life as a clerk in the grain commission trade, and afterwards became a banker. His first street railway operations were conducted in Philadelphia, and afterwards in Chicago, whence he has transferred himself to London. Here his work, if it has caused us some inconvenience, has at any rate made London one of the most tunnelled cities in the world.

The New Lord Chamberlain

It is probable that the new Lord Chamberlain during his term of office will have something more to do with the theatre than forbid the performance of plays which no one is desirous of seeing. The relations between theatre and music-hall have arrived at a point when the strain can only be lessened by a re-adjustment of the whole situation. Theatre managers have long complained of the restrictions which the office of Lord Chamberlain still imposes upon them They look with envy upon their brother variety managers as being far less trammelled by their boss, the L.C.C. So it is quite likely that the new Lord Althorp will be petitioned by theatre managers for more privileges. It is an anomaly these days that the Lord Chamberlain should be the presiding genius of the theatre, and though his authority is tempered with liberality, in accordance with the spirit of the age, an authority more in touch with the world of the theatre would be welcomed. What is most required is a central authority over all places of entertainment.

Photo by Thomson

Rt. Hon. C. R. Spencer, M.P.

Who, as Lord Chamberlain, will be elevated to the Peerage under the title of Lord Althorp

Sir Edward Moss

As an all-round caterer to the public Sir Edward Moss is in the very first flight. The great Empire-builder, in addition to his work of providing mental recreation for the people has, on two notable occasions, taken a leading part in the business of providing them with food and drink. These occasions were the King's dinner to the poor, and the Queen's dinner at the Alexandra Palace. Which catering rôle has had most to do with his new dignity it would be indiscreet to guess, but it is certain that Sir Edward Moss's knighthood should be acclaimed by the music-hall profession, of which he is so distinguished an ornament. It may be recalled that theatrical managers were made knights some considerable time before actors became recipients of the same honour. Who knows but what the knighting of a manager of a cycle of variety theatres may pave the way in a similar fashion, making Sir Edward Moss the prototype of the future Sir George Robey?

Photo by **Mr. Yerkes, the Tube King** [*Kinninmont*

And famous multi-millionaire, who is lying seriously ill in New York

A Lioness Runs Amok

The East African lioness, whose post-mortem photograph, together with her slayers, appears on the next page, is not deserving of any sympathy whatever for the fate which has befallen her. She has succumbed to justice, and nothing but justice. Bloodthirstiness on a more colossal

An African Lioness Rampant

scale is difficult to imagine, even in the Queen of the desert. The late lioness destroyed, at Malindi, British East Africa, no fewer than fifty-nine sheep at one swoop. Hunger was not her justification, for of all her victims, she only picked at a portion of one sheep - a cut off the joint, as it were. Having disposed of this light repast, she resumed work. Jumping over a stockade fifteen feet in height, she made for another flock of sheep, and killed some fifteen more. But here, appropriately enough, the police got wind of her goings-on The native policeman, who is shown in the picture, located her, and put her out of misery—(other people's misery)—forthwith. Malindi, the locality of the little affair, is, we understand, in the way of becoming a large cotton-growing centre some day.

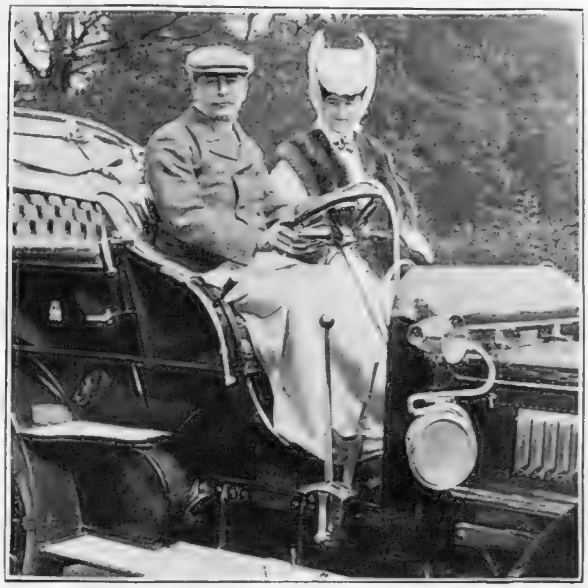


Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Sir Edward Moss and Lady Moss on their 40 h.-p. Daimler

Sir Edward is one of the "Resignation" Knights, a J.P., D.L., and, incidentally, Chairman of Moss's Empires, Ltd.

A Bristol Street Problem

Bristol is faced with an awkward local problem. She would fain widen and improve her Wine Street and High Street, and yet to do so would mean vandalism on a big scale, for those streets are full of antiquarian interest. The problem has been forcibly brought before Bristolians in connection with the threatened destruction of the old Dutch House, which stands at the corner of the two streets mentioned. As our illustration shows, the building is one of considerable æsthetic charm. And yet the need of more room for traffic to pass compels the Councillors to consider its removal. At a recent public meeting on the subject, the suggestion was made that the ground floor might be removed and the upper floors retained. The street could then be widened at this point, leaving the upper part of

The last of a murderous lioness

This snapshot has reached us from Malindi, British East Africa. The lioness slaughtered fifty nine sheep at one swoop, eating only a portion of one, and next day made away with fifteen more, after which she was shot by the policeman who stands proudly behind her, in the centre, shouldering his gun

A Threatened Bristol Landmark

Photo by *Coates and Co.*

The old Dutch house in the centre of Bristol

Standing at the corner of High Street and Wine Street, the old Dutch house is a prized corner of the city. It is proposed to destroy it for street improvements, but Bristolians are loth to allow this relic of the middle ages, with its architectural beauty, to pass away

Dutch House to form a sort of archway over the pavement! A bright idea, indeed. Seriously, though, as lovers of Bristol, we should be very glad if its municipality would take some steps to raise the city architecturally. Nothwithstanding its fine old buildings, it has, we think, fewer imposing streets and squares than in any other town of the same size in Britain. The present forlorn, devastated appearance of the "tramways centre," which could be converted into a magnificent square, almost brings tears to the eyes of the wandering æsthete, who has memories of the way Continental towns deal with such prospects.

The Connoisseur.

SOME WINTER PICTURES AND ART SHOWS

The Venus of Velasquez

Although the Society of Portrait Painters has some admirable examples of their always interesting branch of art at the New Gallery, and the smaller galleries of Bond Street and the neighbourhood add to the delights of their collections of modern paintings with spacious names of Rembrandt and Murillo, while Messrs. Obach allure with the originalities and eccentricities of the "Society of Twelve," still the real interest of the season has been the exhibition by Agnew of the famous Rokeby Velasquez. It is some fifteen years since this splendid "Venus and Cupid" was seen in London, and now it reappears rejuvenate and purified of the brownish varnishes that once somewhat robbed it of the colouring that distinguishes the true Velasquez. It is one of the few nude pictures that the painter's long connection with the Court of Philip permitted him to give to the world. It is as fresh as early summer, as rich and purely ardent as an Andalusian May, as dignified and beautiful as the noblest work that has come to us from the Spanish Master's hand.

Tom Firr, the noted Huntsman of the Cuorn. By Cecil Cutler

Arts and Crafts Club, at the Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street, W.

We should like to see many another Velasquez in our National Gallery, but there will never be an opportunity of acquiring an example of more permanent and artistic value than the highly characteristic "Venus" now in Bond Street, whose price and qualities are being canvassed in every coterie, and written about in every newspaper column, from the *Times* to the *Star*.

The Arts and Crafts Club is showing a collection of sketches by its members at 61, New Bond Street,

His Majesty. By Cecil Cutler

Arts and Crafts Club, at the Modern Gallery, New Bond Sreet, W.

The late Duke of Beaufort. By Cecil Cutler

Arts and Crafts Club, at the Modern Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

which has some rather pleasing work in water-colour, and a pastel or two, such as that of Mr. Lionel Heath, which are full of interest. Mr. Alyn Williams's delicate pencil-study is in a style always popular, and the portraits by Mr. Cecil Cutler show a grasp of character and direct skill which we expect will bring him into fame. Among the crowds of winter exhibitions, the Arts and Crafts Club takes an honourable and hopeful position.

In Pall Mall, Mr. Kossak's "Red Sunday" is the attraction at Graves'. This large picture shows something of the horrors of that day in Petersburg, when the crowd approached the Palace and the Dragoon Guards were ordered to charge into the unarmed people. Father Gapon is seen with uplifted crucifix, and every other historic detail of the scene is carefully given. The effect is one of sadness rather than of horror. There is blood, of course, but not of the violent quality of which Goya long ago, and the Salons a few years back, gave us more than enough.

One of Mr. Lawson Wood's "Humorosities"
At the Doré Gallery, Bond Street, W.

The Doré Decadent

The old glories of the Doré Gallery have departed, and in their place reigns a great variety of more or less pleasing exhibits, from Russian peasant work to Gustave Surand's wild animals. In the middle distance, so to speak, are the paintings of the Canadian artist, Mr. Bruce, and the water-colour drawings and sculpture by Mme. Benedicks-Bruce. Of these, and some other collections, the æsthetically most important is the peasant work, for that is characteristic, racy of the soil, näif, and bold. As regards painting, however, M. Surand has some wonderful pictures to show; his "Lion Reposing in the Shade" and his "Black Panther" have a touch of true insight, as also his "Happy Family." The execution is always accomplished, and seen perhaps to its greatest advantage in the "Orphée." After these comes a collection of Mr. Lawson Wood's water-colours.

Mr. Lawson Wood

To call a collection of comic drawings "Humorosity" at once shows the stern and relentless spirit in which the artist has set out to be funny. There is no doubt that Mr. Lawson Wood's excellent draughtsmanship, and his ultra and heroic British humour, will be largely appreciated, and the seventy odd drawings which he shows at the Doré Gallery

Under the Old Yew Tree. By George Carline
The Royal Society of British Artists

become extremely popular. The fun of the prehistoric affair has been exploited by so many amusing people that we feel sure it must be greatly enjoyed, and here is a feast of laughter-luring drawings on the antique but ever-green subject. Our own columns first gave to a waiting universe the series known as "Mr. Biff's Tour Round the World." In the present exhibition they appear not in black and white, but with all the charm that lively colouring can give.

Simeon Solomon

This season the well-known gallery of Mr. John Baillie has been removed from Bayswater to 54, Baker Street, where a large collection of drawings and water-colours by the late Simeon Solomon has been brought together. In the early days Mr. Solomon possessed a high sense of beauty and a passion for the ideal, but beneath the whips and scorns of time his power passed, and at the period when another and more fortunate man would have been at the height of his power and fame, he merely reproduced the inspirations of his earlier days. To the student this exhibition is full of interest—and warning.

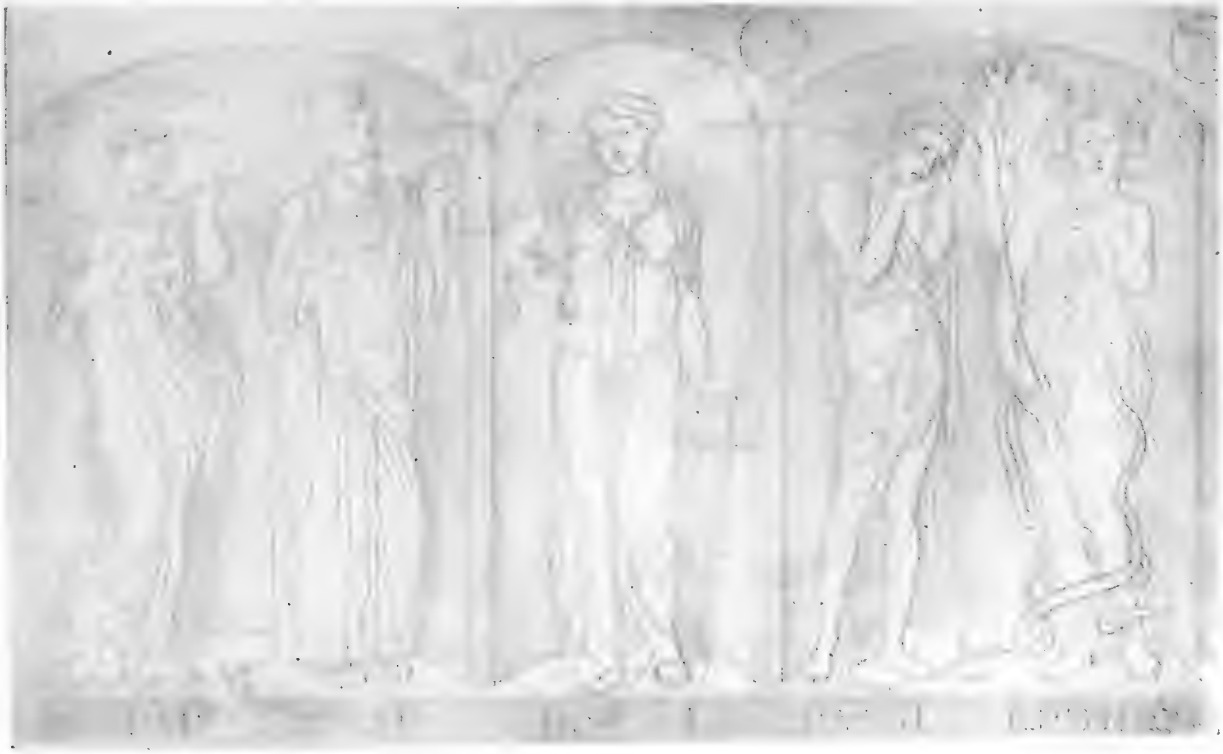
Sketch by Simeon Solomon. From a private collection

This winter the Royal Society of British Artists has a collection hardly worthy of its high-sounding name. If the nations of the earth are to judge us by these pictures we fear we must appear a little absurd at the present time. However, this might be said with equal truth of more important shows elsewhere, and among a somewhat commonplace gathering there are pictures that will greatly please the British public, and many that will be passed unnoticed.

The 'Varsity in Art

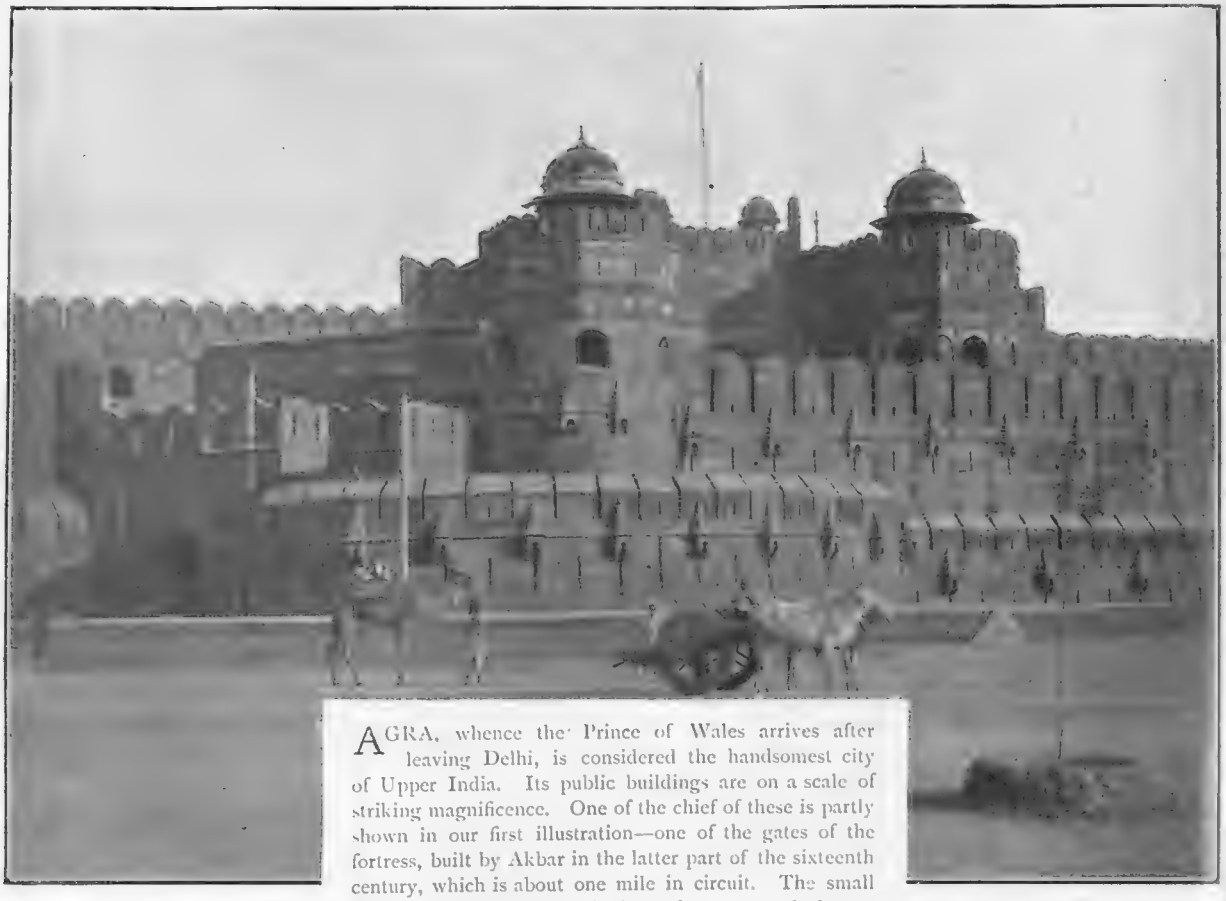
Mr. William Nicholson is showing his twenty-four Oxford drawings at the Stafford Gallery; they are intended, we presume, for reproduction, and are likely to be widely popular in the eyes of American visitors with a taste for the artist's well-known eighteenth-century manners. The undergraduate of the day is too fond of his nice new photographs to be allured by the decorative qualities of Mr. Nicholson's "Queen's" or "Bodleian," and the style of a century and a half ago, although immensely attractive to the artist, has no power over the modern Oxonian.

E. M.



Sketch by Simeon Solomon. From a private collection

The Prince of Wales at Agra



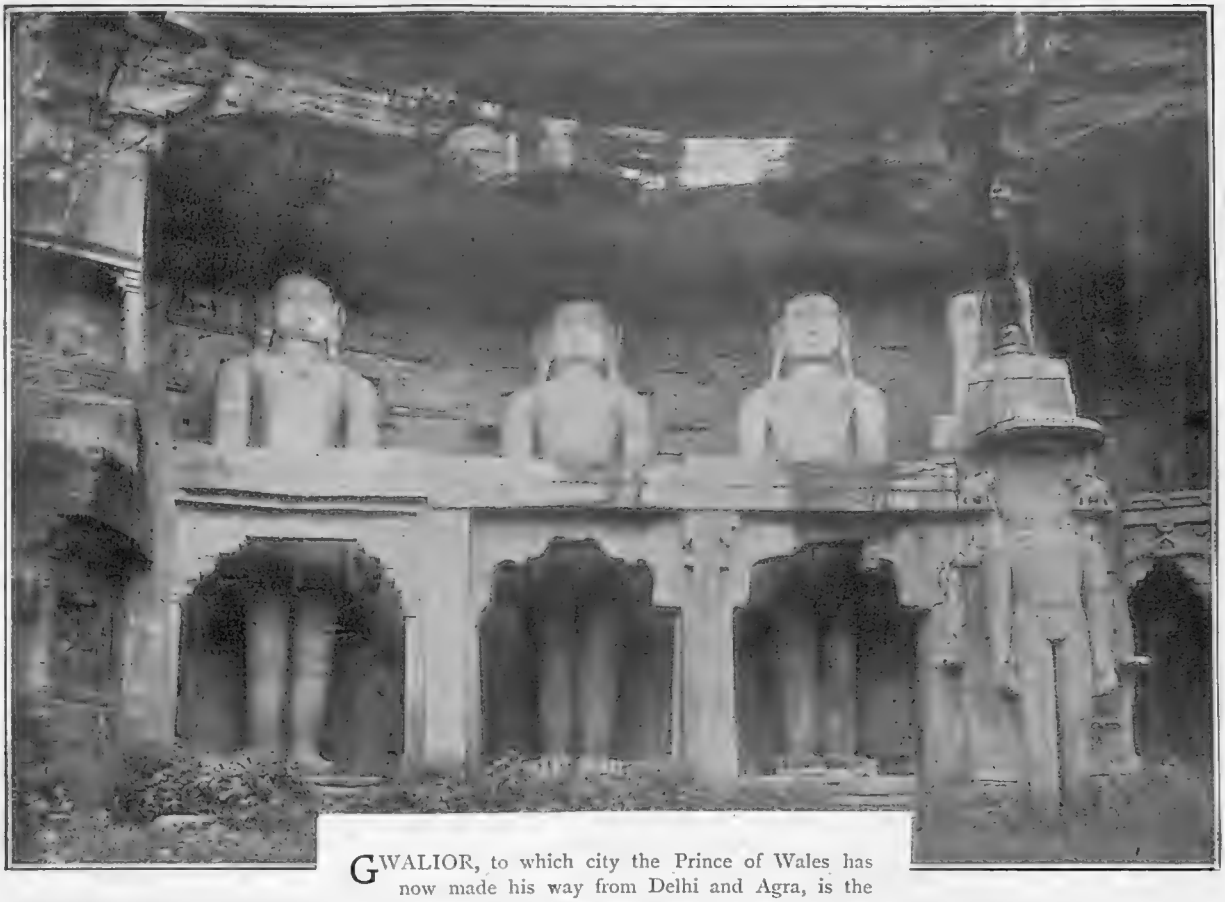
I. Akbar's Fort, the Delhi Gate

AGRA, whence the Prince of Wales arrives after leaving Delhi, is considered the handsomest city of Upper India. Its public buildings are on a scale of striking magnificence. One of the chief of these is partly shown in our first illustration—one of the gates of the fortress, built by Akbar in the latter part of the sixteenth century, which is about one mile in circuit. The small Palace of the Shah Jehan is shown in our second picture, but what will strike the eye more is the view in the distance of the white marble mosque, the beauty and symmetry of which scarcely seem to belong to the real order of things. Agra is called the commercial capital of the North West.

2. Akbar's Palace, Agra

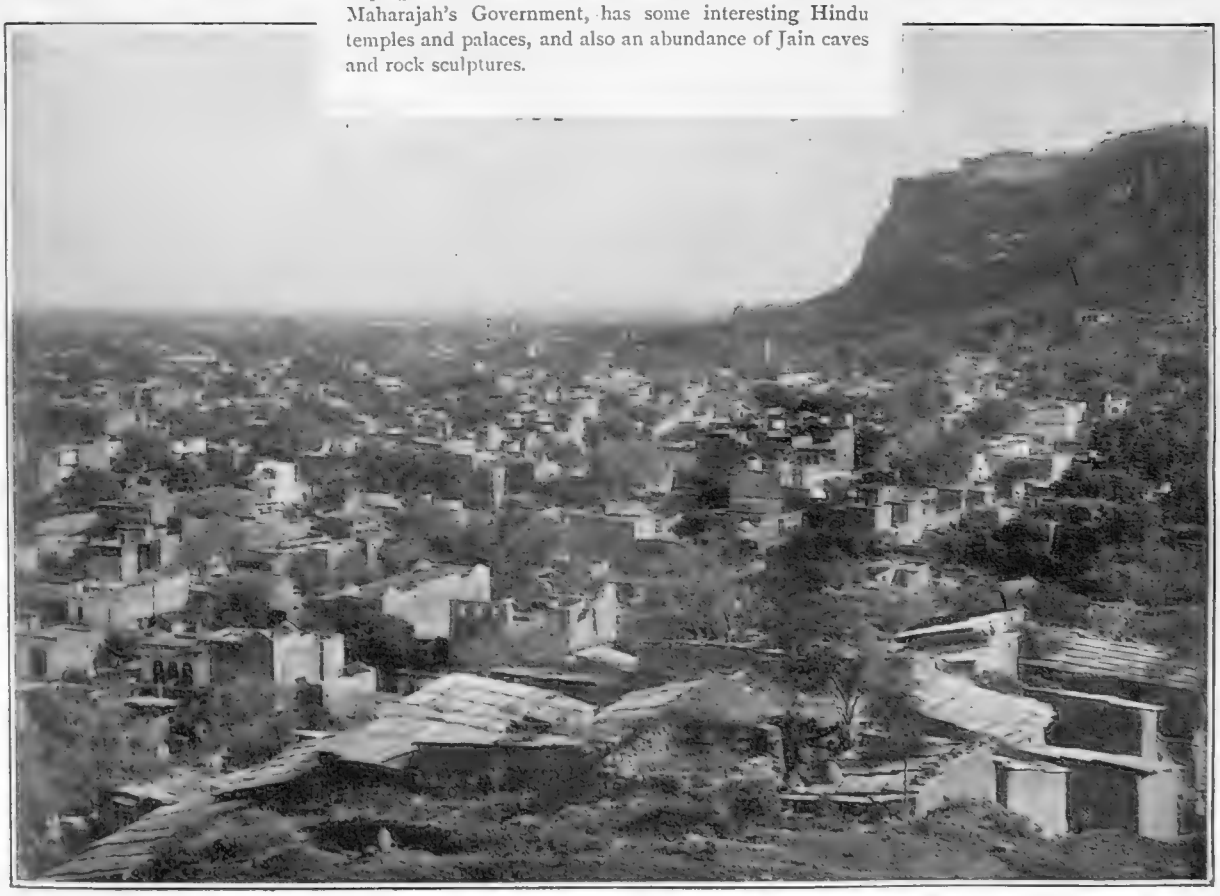
Photos by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

The Prince of Wales in Central India



1. Stone figures in the Happy Valley, Gwalior

GWALIOR, to which city the Prince of Wales has now made his way from Delhi and Agra, is the capital of the State of the same name in Central India. Its most striking feature is its rock of 340 feet high, and 1½ miles by 300 yards in extent, which makes an impregnable citadel. The town is the seat of the Maharajah's Government, has some interesting Hindu temples and palaces, and also an abundance of Jain caves and rock sculptures.



2. View of the City and Fort of Gwalior

Photo by *Argent Archer*

A meet of Viscount Galway's Hounds at the well-known old coaching house, Ye Olde Bell Inn, Barnby Moor, near Retford

By Field, Stream, and Covert

Hunting at the Festive Season

The general atmosphere of goodwill and joviality which pervades most branches of our life at this time of the year is not absent from the hunting field. Greetings at the meet are very cordial, and as we jog along the roads to the appointment, each person we encounter has o offer the compliments of the season. Those who come in space-devouring motors are, perhaps, in too much of a hurry for the pleasant interchange of courtesies until they arrive at the meet and throw off their great-coats, and one cannot help thinking sometimes that a great deal of the fascinating charm of fox-hunting is destroyed by the increasing use of the motor as a covert-hack. But its convenience is undeniable, both as a means of arriving at the meet and of getting home after the day's hunting, many a tiring ride on a wearied horse along highways and bridle-roads being saved by the handy conveyance. And so it is certain that all the growling in the world will not check the career of the motor-car in this connection, and its opponents must perforce accept the situation with as much grace as they can command as being one of the penalties of modern progress. At Christmas it is easier to make up family hunting parties than at any other period of the season, and the boys home from school go out with hounds in the highest of spirits. Their youthful exuberance is not too favourably regarded by the Scrooges of the hunting field, and some old fogeys will aver that the air positively "reeks of buns"; but in their heart of hearts do they seriously object to the youngsters? I think not. Paradoxical as it may sound, many of us would not be happy without something to grumble about now and again, and I am sure that the boys, their faces flushed with the glow of health and enjoyment, and hugely proud of their ponies, are not really unpopular in the field. But parents should be careful not to let their youngsters wear sharp spurs, as they are apt to be used injudiciously, and a pony goaded by the rowels constitutes a danger both to his youthful rider and to everyone about him. The hunt servants form another body who welcome the advent of this festive season, many a little addition to a not very princely salary being received from those who hunt with them.

Photo by *L. B. Willoughby*

Sam Morgan

First whipper-in and kennel huntsman to Viscount Galway's hounds. He has been with the pack since 1877, and his father before him was huntsman of these hounds

Viscount Galway and His Fine Pack

Sport has been good so far this season with Lord Galway's Hounds on the borders of Yorkshire, Notts, and Derbyshire, and the pack is fully maintaining the high reputation which belonged to it in the days of Mr. George Savile Foljambe, who hunted the country from 1822 to 1845, and then gave way to the sixth Lord Galway on account of failing eyesight. Mr. Foljambe was the best hound-breeder of his day, and his pack fetched remarkable prices when sold. The late Lord Galway bought the best of them, and they were then kennelled at Grove, but various reasons led to the removal of the headquarters of the Hunt to their present situation near the Master's seat, Serlby Hall, Bawtry. Viscount Galway was at Eton when his father purchased the hounds, and he may be said to have been all his life actively associated with the pack. He accepted the Mastership in 1876, and has retained it ever since, acting throughout as his own huntsman. His great services were suitably acknowledged when he completed his quarter of a century in the leadership a few years ago, and the handsome present subscribed for by the members of the Hunt was handed to the M.F.H. by the Earl of Scarbrough, whose family have likewise been closely identified with the fortunes of the pack.

A Veteran Hunt Servant

Lord Galway has had the advantage during his lengthy term of office of a thoroughly capable first whipper-in and kennel huntsman. Sam Morgan hunts the pack when the Master is absent, and while Lord Galway was in India, some years ago, he carried the horn throughout the season with much success. He is a son of Jack Morgan, for many years huntsman of the same pack, and as a youngster Sam used to assist as extra whipper-in to his father. He added to his experience later on with Lord Portsmouth's and the Percy Hounds, and came back to his old pack when the present Master was appointed. Everyone who hunts with the pack likes Morgan, and both Lord and Lady Galway value his work and devotion to the pack very highly. Not long since he completed his twenty-fifth season as kennel huntsman, and to mark the occasion the Master gave him a valuable silver cup,

remarking that this was "in recognition of the splendid services he had rendered, and of the many excellent runs they have had together with the hounds." Morgan dates his active experience of hunting, in an official capacity, back to 1864, and only Will Dale, Bridger Champion, and one or two others still in harness, can surpass that record.

A Notable Irish Pack

There are few better and safer countries to ride over in Ireland than that covered by the Duhallow Hounds, rejoicing in an absolute freedom from wire or bog. The grass enclosures are of good size, there are plenty of small gorse coverts, and the country usually holds a rare scent. A good authority has described the hounds as about the best in Ireland, and they have a hard-riding M F. H. in Mr. Nigel Baring, and one, moreover, supremely anxious to show good sport. With all these advantages, it is small wonder that the Duhallow is a popular pack. Many of the meets come within driving distance of Cork, and, in consequence, they have some very large fields out. The soldiers quartered at Cork are very fond of a day with the Duhallow, and are well catered for by a service of special and ordinary trains. Mr. Baring, who, in the summer, devotes his energies to polo, has been Master for ten seasons, and maintains the big establishment entirely at his own expense, the subscriptions and "field-money" being devoted to keeping up the country. Our series of illustrated Irish Hunts will be continued next week with the Galway "Blazers."

With the Beagles

During a spell of frost, many a robust and active fox-hunter is glad of a run with the beagles, and nowadays there are not many districts in England where this merry sport cannot be enjoyed. Indeed, the increase in the number of beagles is quite remarkable, having been doubled during the past decade. One of the most enthusiastic Masters of Beagles is Mr. J. Otho Paget, who finds time to hunt his little pack two days a week from Thorpe Satchville, as well as going out regularly with the Quorn. Mr. Paget has entered very thoroughly into the breeding question, and his hounds have won high honours at the annual Peterborough Harrier and Beagle Show In our illustration, the Thorpe Satchville Beagles are seen on the flags of their own kennels. Beagle men do not seem to be quite agreed as to the right size for their hounds, but Mr. Paget believes in the small hound — for Leicestershire, at all events — finding that his 12½-inch beagles are excellent for hunting and killing their hares.

A Useful Hunting Diary

A flattering welcome has been accorded to the latest issue of "Thomas's Hunting Diary" (4 and 5, Dean Street, High Holborn: *2s. 6d.*), and a large measure of the success which the publication has achieved is certainly due to the excellent articles which have been contributed to its pages. There is, for example, Mr. A. E. Burnaby's paper on "Riding to Hounds." Coming from the pen of a writer who regularly takes

A show of beagle puppies

Mr. J. Otho Paget's smart little Thorpe Satchville pack

Irish Hunts No. 2—A Day with the Duhallow

Waiting to Unbox. Those who hunt with the Duhallow have excellent railway facilities from Cork and other centres

Some followers of the pack who were at the meet at Charleville. "For'ard away!"

his place in the first flight in the best hunting country in the world, this article is supremely valuable to those who seek to acquire the essential qualifications for riding to hounds. Mr. Burnaby thinks that in the rising generation of fox-hunters the young men who really go in heart and soul for riding to hounds are fewer than in the old days. Quite the old keenness, he says, does not seem to be there, and when they come out hunting they do not *compete*. Mr. Richard Ord, Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, and "Maintop" are other well-known names testifying to the excellence of the articles in "Thomas's Diary."

A. W. C.

The Master, Mr. G. N. E. Baring, and his hounds on th ir way to covert

Lieut. Watt taking a typical Duhallow bank

Following up by road. How sport is seen from a jaunting car

(Photographs taken by our Special Representative in Ireland. Next week illustrations will appear of the Galway "Blazers")

Matters Musical

Strauss's Very Latest

There is one extremely significant report issued in connection with the production at Dresden last Friday week of Richard Strauss's operatic setting of Wilde's mustn't-be-performed-in-England drama, *Salome*. Having been informed by critics of varying views that the music is superhuman, beyond all comprehension, nerve-racking, ungrateful, unmelodious, devoid of airs or melody, the vocal parts being drowned by the orchestra, it has been added that "the composer has been vainly warned by the Kaiser to relinquish the composition of such terrific music." Now the Kaiser is not a very popular man in England, but he has now the supreme chance of capturing the sentiment of a large and influential body of musicians and critics in this country. Let his Majesty's acute ear detect in the strains—the very strained strains—of *Salome* something not only terrific, but disrespectful, something rude, seditious, or detrimental to the memory of his immortal grandfather, and let him forthwith have Strauss arrested and incarcerated for twelve months in a fortress on conviction for *lése-majesté*.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

Miss Ruth Clarkson

A charming young violinist

A Possible Cure

Let Strauss, while thus experiencing the simple life, be provided with a two-octave xylophone or zither, on the diatonic scale of C, upon which, in his leisure moments, he may be permitted to exercise his faculties for composition. If his tunes please the warder on shift, let Strauss be given a good mark, but if he show any tendency to obscurity, complexity, or chaos—as far as is possible in C major—let him be given bread and water until he repents. In this way the remnants of a distracted musical talent may yet be preserved for the world. If Strauss is allowed to continue indulging his frenzied imagination on the augmented orchestra, after the fashion of *Ein Heldenleben*, *Don Quixote*, *Sinfonia Domestica*, and *Salome*, the rates will be burdened to breaking-point by the necessity of opening a score or so new asylums to accommodate his victims. So far as *Salome* is concerned, we, in England, have reason to be thankful that, the "book" of that opera being censoriously squashed, we shall not have the opportunity of hearing the "music."

More "Music of the Future"

These Germans are incorrigible. Not content with the Strauss nightmare, we are now threatened with one Max Reger. "Reger," we are informed by the December number of *The Musician*, that admirable new musical monthly, "is professor of counterpoint, etc., at Munich. He is a problem of more than usual difficulty. Some hail him as the greatest of his time, others find him incomprehensible." We are reminded by the writer, Mr. Frederic S. Law, that such comments often signify a new style, an extension of conventional limits, a hitherto unsuspected scheme of relations. Max Reger, in short, is another Wagner—perhaps—with another cupboard-full of "music of the future," too advanced for mere contemporary ears. Those poor inadequate ears of ours seem to be at constant war with our composers. And yet are they necessarily wrong? Surely it is their business to tell us what is good in music for our poor selves, and what is gratifying to contemporary taste, not to evidence the probable tastes of our grandchildren. Strauss, and probably Reger, offend the ears of the vast majority of music-lovers of to-day, because, perhaps, they are "before their time." But what is their "time" to us? They will have it; let them enjoy it when it comes. For my part, I decline to be rushed into enthusiasm over a composer because he is going to be immensely popular in 1955, just as I decline to enthuse over a composer because he *was* popular in 1855. A hero of the forthcoming fifties is as much out-of-date to us of the tens as is a hero of the last fifties. Strauss and Reger, and the rest of the musical prophets, are out-of-date, and, therefore, contemporary critics may be pardoned for treating them accordingly.

The Ballad Famine

Just now, the drawing-room musical public is beginning to realise the true awfulness of the action of the publishers last summer in ceasing to publish new music until anti-"pirate" legislation passed the Commons. There is noticed everywhere the lack of new songs. Young ladies finger apologetically, when asked to sing, well-worn copies of last year's triumphs. There is no startlingly novel composer of the ballad kind, and, in some quarters, the famine is so felt that, as a last resort, people are actually falling back on the classical masters. V. C.

A Young Violinist

Miss Ruth Clarkson, the young violinist who made so pleasing an impression at her first orchestral concert in the Queen's Hall, is an English girl of some nineteen summers. A pupil at the Royal Academy of M. Emil Sauret, she carried off Bronze and Silver Medals as well as the Tubbs' Prize of a bow for the most promising pupil of the year, and has recently had a triumphal tour of the great musical centres of the States before making her début here.

STUDIES IN FOLIAGE

CONTRASTS IN SCENERY IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD

Photo by *Mrs. W. Gibson*

At Funchal, Madeira

A scene in the gardens of the capital of the beautiful Atlantic island. The vast palm leaves on the left of the water will be noted as peculiar to the tropics

Studies in Foliage

Photo by *C. D. Brunton*

Seville: In the garden of the Alcazar

The above photograph is a good example of foliage in photography, showing a portion of the famous gardens of the Alcazar, or Moorish Royal Palace, one of the glories of Seville, and, next to the Alhambra gardens, the finest park in Spain

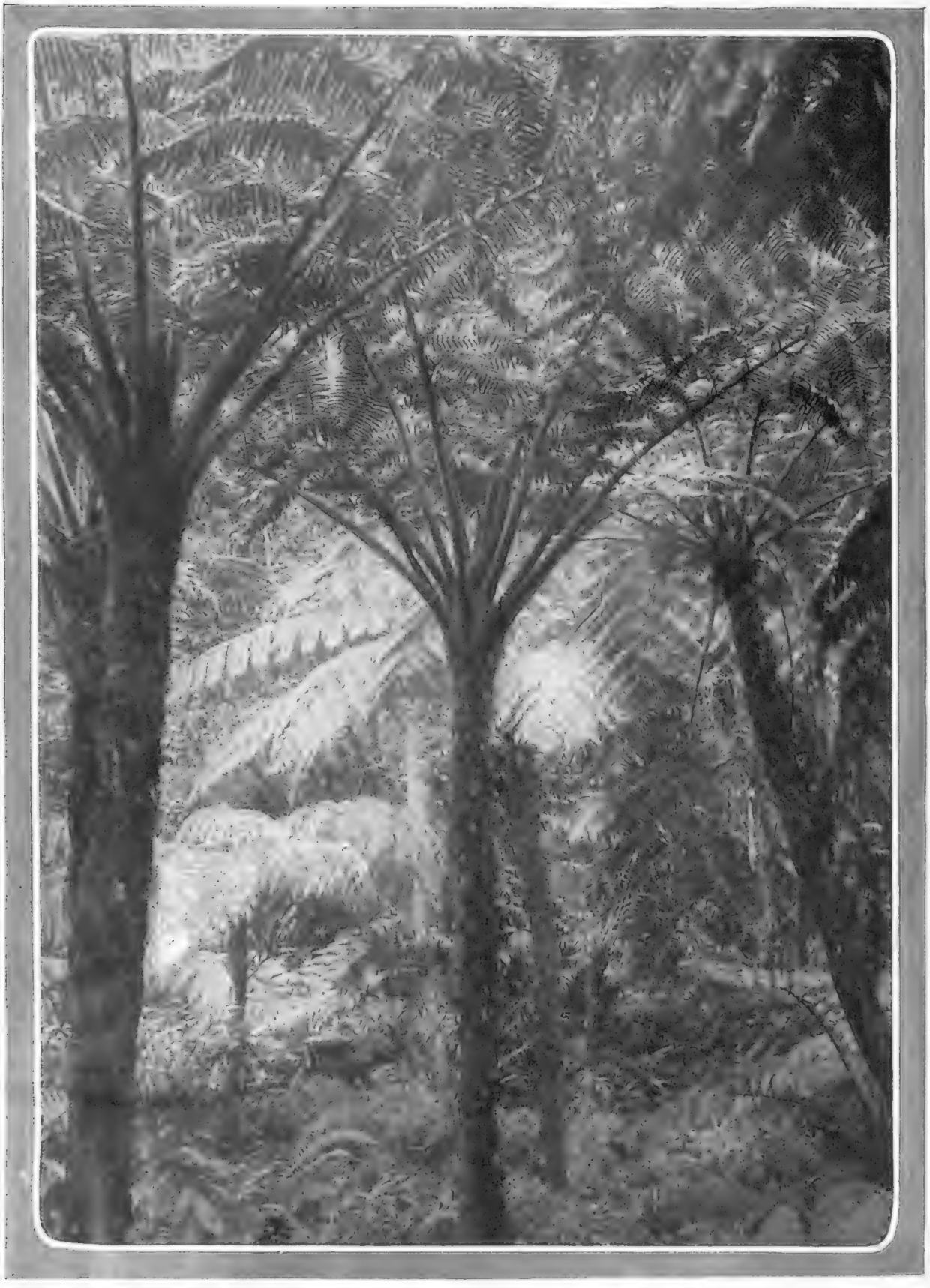
Studies in Foliage

Photo by *H. H. W. Jce.*

A forest path in the Hartz Mountains

A beautiful German forest scene near Osterode, about 3,000 feet above the sea, in the midst of the great pine forests owned by the German Emperor

Studies in Foliage



In a Ceylon Jungle

Ceylon's natural scenery rivals any in the world, and is "such stuff as dreams are made of." Its beauty and luxuriance are notorious. In its jungles are about 800 species of plants peculiar to the island. There are no tigers as in India, but the sportsman may console himself with the bear, leopard, buffalo, elephant, wild boar, and venomous snakes

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 2.

THE LETTER AND THE LIE

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."
—*Chesterfield.*

By ARNOLD BENNETT

As he hurried from his brougham through the sombre hall to his study, leaving his secretary far in the rear, he had already composed the first sentence of his address to the united Chambers of Commerce of the Five Towns; his mind was full of it; he sat down at once to his vast desk, impatient to begin dictating. Then it was that he perceived the letter, lodged prominently against the gold and onyx inkstand given to him on his marriage by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The envelope was imperfectly fastened, or not fastened at all, and the flap came apart as he fingered it nervously.

"Dear Cloud,—This is to say good-bye, finally—"

He stopped. Fear took him at the heart, as though he had been suddenly told by a physician that he must submit to an operation endangering his life. And he skipped feverishly over the four pages to the signature, "Yours sincerely, Gertrude."

The secretary entered.

"I must write one or two private letters first," he said to the secretary. "Leave me. I'll ring."

"Yes, sir. Shall I take your overcoat?"

"No, no."

A discreet closing of the door.

"—— finally. I can't stand it any longer. Cloud, I'm gone to Italy. I shall use the villa at Florence, and trust you to leave me alone. You must tell our friends. You can start with the Bargraves to night. I'm sure they'll agree with me its for the best——"

It seemed to him that this letter was very like the sort of letter that gets read in the Divorce Court, and printed in the papers afterwards; and he felt sick.

"—— for the best. Everybody will know in a day or two, and then in another day or two the affair will be forgotten. It's difficult to write naturally under the circumstances, so all I'll say is that we aren't suited to each other, Cloud. Ten years of marriage has amply proved that, though I knew it six—seven—years ago. You haven't guessed that you've been killing me all these years; but it is so——"

Killing her! He flushed with anger, with indignation, with innocence, with guilt—with heaven knew what!

"—it is so. *You've* been living *your* life. But what about me? In five more years I shall be old, and I haven't begun to live. I can't *stand* it any longer. I can't stand this awful Five Towns district——"

Had he not urged her many a time to run up to South Audley Street for a change, and leave him to continue his work? Nobody wanted her to be always in Staffordshire!

"And I can't stand *you*. That's the brutal truth. You've got on my nerves, my poor boy, with your hurry, and your philanthropy, and your commerce, and your seriousness. My poor nerves! And you've been too busy to notice it. You fancied I should be content if you made love to me absent-mindedly, *en passant*, between a political dinner and a bishop's breakfast."

He flinched. She had stung him.

"I sting you——"

No! And he straightened himself, biting his lips!

"I sting you! I'm rude! I'm inexcusable! People don't say these things, not even hysterical wives to impeccable husbands, eh? I admit it. But I was bound to tell you. You're a serious person, Cloud, and I'm not. Still, we were both born as we are, and I've just as much right to be unserious as you have to be serious. That's what you've never realised. You aren't better than me, you're only different from me. It is unfortunate that there are some aspects of the truth that you are incapable of grasping. However, after this morning's scene——"

Scene? What scene? He remembered no scene, except that he had asked her not to interrupt him while he was reading his letters, had asked her quite

The above story is the second of a Series of Worldly Stories, which will be published weekly until further notice.

Our next week's story will be "Dead Violets," by Leonard Merrick.

politely, and she had left the breakfast table. He thought she had left because she had finished. He hadn't a notion—— What nonsense!

"— this morning's scene, I decided not to 'interrupt' you any more——"

Yes. There was the word he had used—how childish she was!

"— any more in the contemplation of those aspects of the truth which you *are* capable of grasping. Good-bye! You're an honest man, and a straight man, and very conscientious, and very clever, and I expect you're doing a lot of good in the world. But your responsibilities are too much for you. I relieve you of one, quite a minor one—your wife. You don't want a wife. What you want is a doll that you can wind up once a fortnight to say, 'Good morning, dear,' and 'Good night, dear.' I think I can manage without a husband for a very long time. I'm not so bitter as you might guess from this letter, Cloud. But I want you thoroughly to comprehend that it's finished between us. You can do what you like. People can say what they like. I've had enough. I'll pay any price for freedom. Good luck. Best wishes. I would write this letter afresh if I thought I could do a better one.—Yours sincerely, Gertrude."

He dropped the letter, picked it up, and read it again, and then folded it in his accustomed tidy manner and replaced it in the envelope. He sat down, and propped the letter against the inkstand and stared at the address in her careless hand: "The Right Honourable Sir Cloud Malpas, Baronet." She had written the address in full like that as a last stroke of sarcasm. And she had not even put "Private."

He was dizzy, nearly stunned; his head rang.

Then he rose and went to the window. The high hill on which stood Malpas Manor—the famous Rat Edge—fell away gradually to the south, and in the distance below him, miles off, the black smoke of the Five Towns loomed above the yellow fires of blast-furnaces. He was the demi-god of the district, a greater landowner than even the Earl of Chell, a model landlord, a model employer of four thousand men, a model proprietor of seven pits and two iron foundries, a philanthropist, a religionist, the ornamental mayor of Knype, chairman of a Board of Guardians, governor of hospitals, president of Football Association—in short, Sir Cloud, son of Sir Cloud, and grandson of Sir Cloud.

He stared dreamily at his dominion. Scandal, then, was to touch him with her smirching finger, him the spotless! Gertrude had fled. He had ruined Gertrude's life! Had he? With his heavy and severe conscientiousness he asked himself whether he was to blame in her regard. Yes, he thought he was to blame. It stood to reason that he was to blame. Women, especially such as Gertrude, proud, passionate, reserved, don't do these things for nothing.

With a sigh he passed into his dressing-room, and dropped on to a sofa.

She would be inflexible—he knew her. His mind dwelt on the beautiful first days of their marriage, the tenderness and the dream! And now——!

He heard footsteps in the study; the door was open! It was Gertrude! He could see her in the dusk. She had returned! Why? She tripped to the desk, leaned forward, and snatched at the letter. Evidently she did not know that he was in the house and had read it.

The tension was too painful. A sigh broke from him, as it were of physical torture.

"Who's there?" she cried, in a startled voice. "Is that you, Cloud?"

"Yes," he breathed.

"But you're home very early!" Her voice shook.

"I'm not well, Gertrude," he replied. "I'm tired. I came in here to lie down. Can't you do something for my head? I must have a holiday."

He heard her crunch up the letter, and then she hastened to him in the dressing-room.

"My poor Cloud!" she said, bending over him in the mature elegance of her thirty years. He noticed her travelling costume. "Some eau de Cologne?"

He nodded, weakly.

"We'll go away for a holiday," he said, later, as she bathed his forehead.

The touch of her hands on his temples reminded him of forgotten caresses. And he did really feel as though, within a quarter of an hour, he had been through a long and dreadful illness and was now convalescent.

II.

"Then you think that after starting she thought better of it?" said Lord Bargrave, after dinner that night. "And came back?"

Lord Bargrave was Gertrude's cousin, and he and his wife sometimes came over from Shropshire for a week-end. He sat with Sir Cloud in the smoking-room; a man with greying hair, and a youngish, equable face.

"Yes, Harry, that was it. You see I'd just happened to put the letter exactly where I found it. She's no notion that I've seen it."

"She's a thundering good actress!" observed Lord Bargrave, sipping some whisky. "I knew something was up at dinner, but I didn't know it from *her*, I knew it from you."

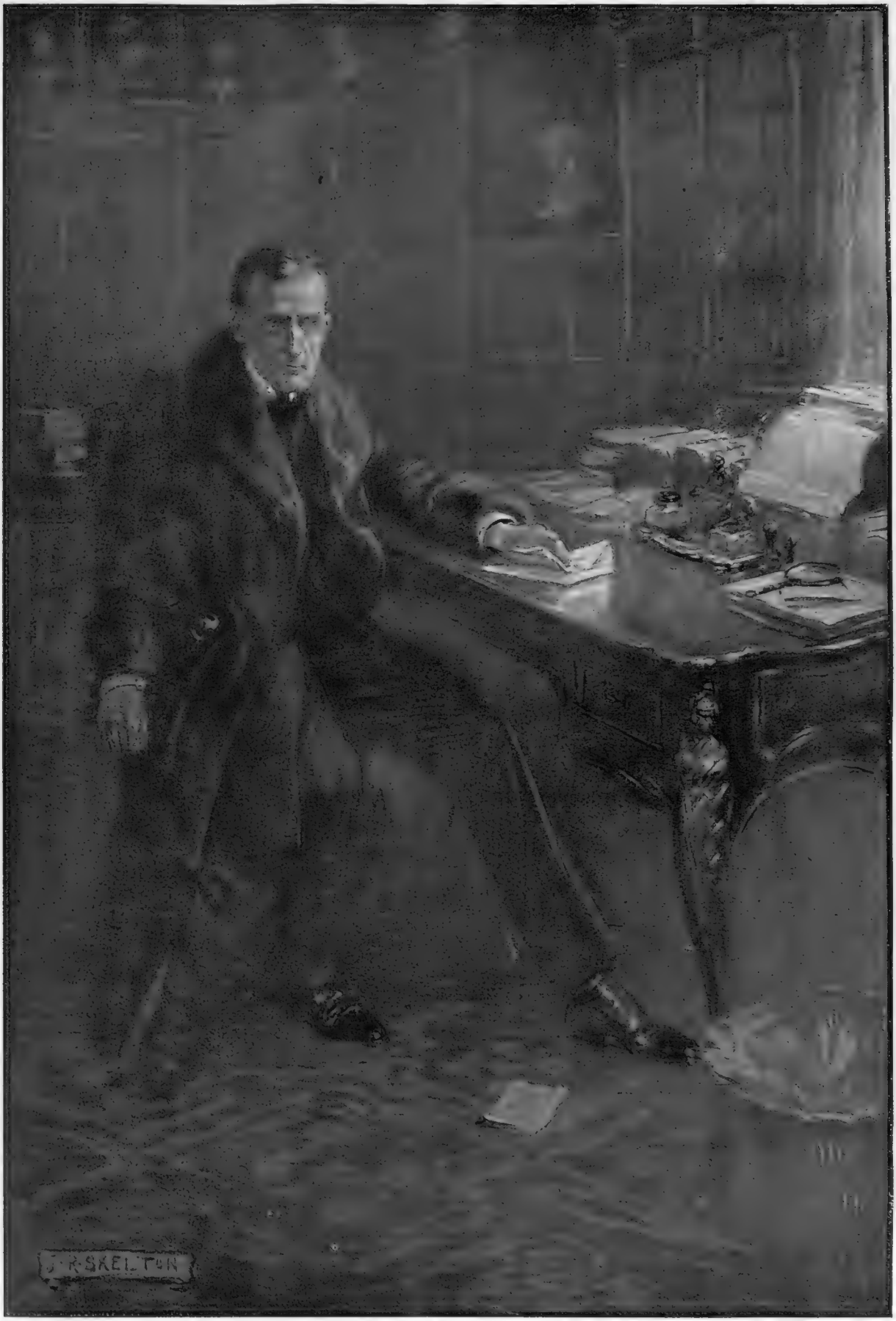
Sir Cloud smiled sadly.

"Well, you see, I'm supposed to be ill—at least to be not well."

"You'd best take her away at once," said Lord Bargrave. "And don't do it clumsily. Say you'll go away for a few days, and then gradually lengthen it out. She mentioned Italy, you say. Well, let it be Italy. Clear out for six months."

"But my work here?"

"D—n your work here!" said Lord Bargrave. "Do you suppose you're indispensable here? Do you suppose the Five Towns can't manage without you? Our caste is decayed, my boy, and silly fools like you try to lengthen out the miserable last days of its importance by giving yourselves airs in industrial districts! Your conscience tells you that what the demagogues say is true—we *are* rotters on the face of the earth, we *are* med-æval, and you try to drown your conscience in the noise of philanthropic speeches. There isn't a sensible working man in the Five Towns who doesn't at the bottom of his heart assess you at your true value—as nothing but a man with a hobby, and plenty of time and money to ride it."



He stared dreamily at his dominion . . . Gertrude had fled. He had ruined Gertrude's life! Had he?

"I do not agree with you," Sir Cloud said stiffly.

"Yes, you do," said Lord Bargrave. "At the same time I admire you, Cloud. I'm not built the same way myself, but I admire you—except in the matter of Gertrude. There you've been wrong—of course, from the highest motives; which makes it all the worse. A man oughtn't to put hobbies above the wife of his bosom. And, besides, she's one of *us*. So

take her away and stay away, and make love to her."

"Suppose I do! Suppose I try! I must tell her!"

"Tell her what?"

"That I read the letter. I acted a lie to her this afternoon. I can't let that lie stand between us. It would not be right."

Lord Bargrave sprang up.

"Cloud," he cried. "For heaven's sake, don't be an infernal ass. Here you've escaped a domestic catastrophe of the first magnitude by a miracle. You've made a sort of peace with Gertrude. She's come to her senses. And now you want to mess up the whole show by the act of an idiot! What if you did act a lie to her this afternoon? A very good thing! The most sensible thing you've done for years! Let the lie stand between you. Look at it carefully every morning when you wake. It will help you to avoid repeating in the future the high-minded errors of the past. See?"

III.

And in Lady Bargrave's dressing-room that night, Gertrude was confiding in Lady Bargrave.

"Yes," she said, "Cloud must have come in within five minutes of my leaving, two hours earlier than he was expected. Fortunately, he went straight to his dressing-room. Or was it unfortunately? I was halfway to the station when it occurred to me that I hadn't fastened the envelope! You see I was naturally in an awfully nervous state, Minnie. So I told Collins to turn back. Fugs, our new butler, is of an extremely curious disposition, and I couldn't bear the idea of him prying about, and, perhaps, reading that letter before Cloud got it. And just as I was picking up the letter to fasten it, I heard Cloud in the next room. Oh! I never felt so queer in all my life! The poor boy was quite unwell. I screwed up the letter and went to him. What else could I do? And really he was so tired and white—well, it moved me! It moved me. And when he spoke about going away, I suddenly thought: 'Why not try to make a new start with him?' After all . . . ."

There was a pause.

"What did you say in the letter?" Lady Bargrave demanded. "How did you put it?"

"I'll read it to you," said Gertrude, and she took the letter from her corsage, and began to read it. She got as far as: "I can't stand this awful Five Towns District," and then she stopped.

"Well, go on," Lady Bargrave encouraged her.

"No," said Gertrude, and she put the letter in the fire. "The fact is," she said, going to Lady Bargrave's chair, "it was too cruel. I hadn't realised. . . . I must have been very worked up. . . . One does work oneself up. . . . Things seem a little different now." . . . She glanced at her companion.

"Why, Gertrude, you're crying, dearest!"

"What a chance it was!" murmured Gertrude, in her tears. "What a chance! Because, you know, if he *had* once read it, I would never have gone back on it. I'm that sort of woman. But as it is, there's a sort of a hope of a sort of happiness, isn't there?"

"Gertrude!" It was Sir Cloud's voice, gentle and tender, outside the door.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Lady Bargrave. "It's half-past one. Bargrave will have been asleep long since."

Gertrude kissed her in silence, opened the door, and left her.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

The workmen-winners of the £40,000 prize of the Paris Press Lottery

The recent drawing for the above prize resulted in a win for M. Messing and his sister's husband, M. Gilper. The two men are boiler-makers at Lille, and each bought a ticket, agreeing to share the prize if either were the winner. Our picture shows (1) M. Messing, (2) Mme. Gilper (his sister), and (3) M. Gilper. Messing, by the way, is a bachelor, and the fact is greatly interesting Lille ladies of all classes

LOOKING AHEAD

[*A charitable lady in the North gives a Christmas treat to children in the neighbourhood who have lost one or both parents*]

LADY: "Well, Willie, is your father dead?"—WILLIE: "Na."—LADY: "Is your mother dead?"—WILLIE: "Aye."—CHORUS OF INDIGNANT COMPANIONS: "Oh, Willie! ye ken ye mither's no deid!"—WILLIE: "Ah! but she's no' sa weel. I'm thinkin' she'll be deid by Chris'mas."—(*Our Artist, contrary to the usual custom, vouches for the truth of this yarn.*)

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

Golf Notes and Notions

Concerning Etiquette

It was a great pity, I think, that the excellent section of the '91 code of rules dealing with the etiquette of golf was not included in succeeding codes. The authorities, no doubt, felt the difficulty of retaining in the book of rules a series of regulations which had no stronger sanction than custom and length of observation. Still, as long as golfers, when perusing the rules, were confronted with a section beginning with the weighty words, "The following customs belong to the established etiquette of golf, and should be observed by all golfers," they had no excuse for the infraction of the sacred rules of golfing politeness which is so frequent and so exasperating to those who suffer from it. I think that under the title, "Etiquette of Golf," in the '91 code, every rule was laid down which should be observed by anyone aspiring to the name of golfer, with the exception of one, to my mind almost the most important.

An Irritating Opponent

No rule of etiquette was mentioned making it imperative that a player should not appear absolutely indifferent to the game of his opponent. Naturally, the framers of the old code would not conceive such a possibility. They would suppose that it would be of such vital interest in a match for each player to watch every stroke of the other, that it would be unnecessary to cite a custom which would stigmatise as impolite a player who paid not the smallest attention to anything except his own game. But many besides myself have, doubtless, suffered at the hands of a player who, having hit his own ball, starts off after it without waiting for his adversary to play. I do not mean the offence of rushing off after the tee shot. That is sometimes attended with fatal results, for a case of that nature occurred some years ago, when one player went careering after his ball without waiting for his adversary to play his tee shot, and was killed by that adversary's pulled drive. The offence I have in my mind is less gross than that, but it is very frequent and most annoying. It happens when the two balls are lying wide apart, though level in point of distance from tee or hole. Your adversary plays, and then marches gaily on, apparently entirely oblivious of you or your ball or your stroke, and you have to play while conscious that he is serenely moving onwards and does not care a doit whether his doing so puts you off your stroke or not. Another most irritating habit among players is that of going forward a few yards beyond the tee after their shot, when they have had the honour and you have still to deliver your drive. I think this habit is just as bad as that of looking about for a spot on the tee when it is not your honour and while your adversary is teeing up. In the first case, every golfer should make up his mind that he will not advance a foot beyond the teeing ground on either side until his adversary has got away his shot. In the latter case, when it is his adversary's honour, he should resolutely stand aside from the teeing ground till the other player has driven. If the player, furthermore, makes up his mind to adhere to this rule through the green, he will add much to the mutual courtesies so necessary for a pleasant game of golf. He will then always take care that he is never ahead of his adversary when the latter has a shot to play, and never in such a position as to interfere in any possible way with his adversary's complete freedom of stroke.

Miss Bertha Thompson
Open Lady Champion
(*See Review of Ladies' Golf, 1905*)

Putting a Man off his Stroke

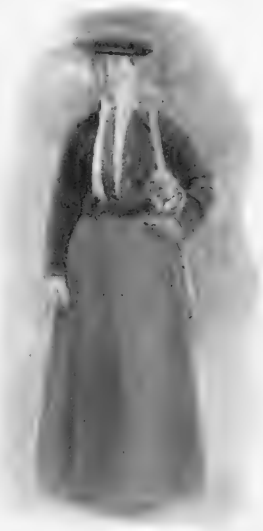
There are so many subtle ways of putting a man off his stroke which no rule can touch or penalise, that one cannot be too careful not to depart from the very strictest code of etiquette imaginable. Players, of course, differ very much. What will spoil one man's stroke will not disturb another player in the least. It is better, however, even when playing with old friends, to school yourself to a strict adherence to all forms of etiquette, so that they may become second nature to you. Then when you come up against a fussy or nervous player, you will find no difficulty in maintaining such an attitude all through the game as will furnish him with no cause of real or even imaginary offence. Three other points I should like to impress on young players; one is, never to try their putts over again, unless they have the course absolutely to themselves, or there is no couple playing within a hole's distance behind them. The second point concerns the habit of walking across the line of a player's putt. Care should always be taken to walk round the adversary's ball or beyond the hole, and never to cross the ground between his ball and the hole. The remaining precept I wish to preach is, that you should never play at the hole from a short distance until you have given time for your adversary to send his caddie forward to remove the pin and stand at the hole. By a short distance I mean one which is a little more than the length of the green, and where there is a reasonable chance of your striking the pin, and so getting an advantage. In golf, as in life, a strict adherence to the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by," is the best policy, putting matters on their lowest ground, though I would fain believe that all good sportsmen would prefer so to act from a feeling that by so doing they are "playing the game" in the highest sense of the words. ERNEST LEHMANN.

A Review of Ladies' Golf During 1905

By MAY HEZLET

A Noteworthy Year

The past year has been worthy of note from several causes. First, the appearance of several promising young golfers who, in the near future, will probably gain distinction and fame. Secondly, the American invasion at Cromer, which proved a source of such intense interest to the British and Irish golfing world. Thirdly, the inauguration of the Welsh Ladies' Golf Union and the first Welsh Ladies' Championship meeting. During the last two or three years, very few new players have come to the front, the principal meetings were attended by the usual habituées, the prizes were gained by players whose personalities were well known all over the country; in fact, if one may be allowed to use the term, the "old stagers" had it all their own way. This year, however, a decided change was noticed; although many of the scratch events have resulted in wins for well-known golfers, still a number of new names appeared on the entry sheets, and signs were apparent of a new set of players, who, in a very short time, will probably displace the giantesses of the present day and be the heroines of their generation.



Miss M. E. Stuart
Silver Medallist, 1905

This influx of new talent was especially noticeable among the English and Irish golfers, and one of the former nationality managed to carry off the first handicap prize at the Ranelagh Ladies' Open Meeting last April. It was no mean feat to carry off the first handicap prize from such a field, and Miss Gardner, who accomplished the task, made a most promising début. She has always been considered a fine player in her own district, but this was the first occasion on which she had taken part in such an important meeting.

Coming English Players

Another English representative, who is to be regarded as a coming player, is Miss Foster, of Malvern, who entered for the first time in this year's Open Championship meeting. She plays with a short, quick swing and considerable power, putts and approaches well, and only requires a little more experience in important matches to enable her to rise to the level of the first rank. Miss Foster plays regularly for her county, and also had the honour of being selected for a place in the English team during the International contests at Cromer.

Miss Issette Pearson
Hon. Sec., Ladies' Golf Union

Mrs. W. Brown
Bronze Medallist, 1905

Miss Chambers, of Hoylake, also made her début in the 1905 Open Championship meeting. She is a terrifically long driver, few, if any, of the lady golfers being equal to her in this respect; but, as yet, she lacks steadiness, a quality which only comes with time and practice.

The 1905 Open Ladies' Championship Meeting proved a record one in point of numbers. The starting list was simply of alarming proportions, and the starters had no light task in despatching the different competitors from the first tee and disposing of all their duties. The links partly lay on the edge of the cliffs, and the sea proved a great peril, many a sliced ball disappearing into the dim distance. A greater peril arose when the balls balanced themselves on the edge of the cliffs, and the golfers had to advance with gingerly steps and make their shot from within a couple of feet or so of the overhanging precipice. Those with steady heads advanced calmly to make the stroke, but those with weaker nerves despatched their caddies to retrieve the balls, preferring to lose the hole than run the risk their lively imaginations portrayed.

The American Contingent

The American contingent gave added zest to the contest. Hitherto very little had been known, except by hearsay, of American ladies' golf, so that the chance of gaining a true insight into their form was eagerly grasped at. Eight or nine of the strangers took part in the contest, and one and all proved thoroughly sporting and delightful in every way. The American Champion, Miss G. Bishop, was, of course, especially noticed; but, unfortunately, she failed to do herself justice, being quite off her game. Miss M. Curtis and Miss Adams were, perhaps, the best of the contingent, the former displaying phenomenal driving powers. Miss Bishop eventually fell a victim to Miss Lloyd Roberts, Miss Adams to Mrs. Brown, and Miss M. Curtis, after an exceedingly close struggle, finishing on the nineteenth green, to Miss B. Thompson.

Miss Tynte
A coming Irish player

Miss Dorothy Campbell, of North Berwick, was really the player who displayed the most consistently good form during the meeting. Up to the semi-final round she maintained an exceedingly high standard of golf, going round regularly in the low eighties and winning her matches easily. In the semi-final round she was opposed to Miss M. E. Stuart, the last of the Irish contingent, and at the start seemed to have it all her own way, gradually getting a lead of three holes. Miss Stuart then made a brilliant effort, and, by the help of three perfect threes, squared the match. From that point Miss Dorothy Campbell evidently suffered from "nerves," and Miss Stuart eventually gained the match on the sixteenth green. The other semi-final lay between Mrs. Brown and Miss Bertha Thompson. The former is a good scratch player, with a pretty swing, but the latter proved too much for her, and won the match. Miss Thompson and Miss M. E. Stuart were thus opposed in the final, and the former, by consistent, and at times brilliant, golf, gained the victory on the sixteenth green. Miss Thompson thus became the winner of the coveted gold medal, and the proud bearer of the title—Open Lady Golf Champion. She is a most finished golfer, and her win was a very popular one. She knows all the niceties of the game, and bears out the theory that physical strength is not a necessity, but only an adjunct to knack and correctness of style. The most noticeable point about the American's play was their lack of finish. They could drive well and brassey well, and, in fact, make all the long shots well, but when it came to the more delicate points of the game, they were completely at a loss, and failed time after time. They were quick to notice this point themselves, confessing that when approaching they played primarily for the green, not for the hole, but one and all expressed the determination to remedy the matter during the next few months.

Irish Ladies' Championship

The Irish Ladies' Championship meeting was held at Portsalon, in Co. Donegal, and no more delightful place could have been selected for the contest. Portsalon may be difficult of access, but there are no two opinions about its charm, and once the journey is accomplished, all discomfort and fatigue is forgotten in the enjoyment of the perfect air and scenery, and the excellent quality of the links. Unfortunately, there was only a small entry, the names of Miss Rhona Adair and Miss F. Walker Leigh being included among the absentees; but added interest was given to the event by the presence of Miss Issette Pearson, the popular Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Golf Union, and Miss M. E. Phillips, the Hon. Secretary of the English County Golf Association. The links were in splendid condition, and everything passed off successfully. The semi-finalists proved to be the three Misses Hezlet and Miss Murray. Miss May Hezlet met Miss Murray, and defeated her somewhat easily, while Miss F. Hezlet and Miss V. Hezlet had a close struggle for supremacy, the former eventually being successful by three up and two to play. Miss May Hezlet and Miss F. Hezlet were, therefore, left in to fight out the final round. They had an excellent match, sometimes one leading and sometimes the other; Miss F. Hezlet had decidedly the worst of the luck, and Miss May Hezlet, fluking out an approach at the seventeenth hole, won the match and the Championship by two up and one to play. The most notable feature of the meeting was the high average of play, despite the comparatively small number of competitors. The North West Club was represented by an exceedingly strong contingent, comprising, among others, Miss Tynte, Miss M. Dickson, and Miss K. Gillies, all three of whom showed great promise for the future. They have very much the same characteristics, all being long drivers, but, Miss Tynte especially, has also a

Snapshots of Pose

Miss Do-othy C mpbell

Miss E. C. Neirle

Miss F. Hezlet

Miss Bishop
(Lady Ex-Champion America)

Miss Adams

Miss Foster

great command over the short game, and possesses many of the qualities necessary for a good match player, chief of them being perseverance and the power of retrieving an apparently hopeless position by some brilliant effort.

Scottish Ladies' Championship

The Scotch Ladies' Championship took place at North Berwick, and, in spite of rather unfavourable weather, was keenly contested and well attended. Miss Dorothy Campbell, from the start, by many was regarded as the probable winner, and fulfilled all expectations, playing brilliant golf, and gaining the victory in the final round after a most exciting match with Miss M. A. Graham, whom she only defeated by a putt on the nineteenth green.

Miss Dorothy Campbell is the most consistent of the Scotch golfers; others may be more brilliant at times, but none possess the same invaluable gift of steadiness. Her driving is not phenomenal, although she gets a good long ball; but the secret of her many successes is the wonderful way in which she plays the short game, running up approaches without the least appearance of effort, and holeing out or laying dead with unfailing regularity. It was not to be wondered at that the final round between Miss Campbell and Miss Graham should be such a good match, as the latter possesses very much the same characteristics. She approaches in a different style, pitching generally instead of running up, but the result is very similar, and both may be considered experts in the art.

Miss L. Garrett (sitting down)
Hon. Secretary, Irish Ladies' Golf Union

Ladies' Welsh Championship

The first Ladies' Welsh Championship meeting was decided at Penarth, and proved a most successful institution. Miss E. Young, of Glamorgan, carried off the highest honour, and won the Cup, so being entitled to bear the title of first Welsh Lady Champion. Miss Duncan, another member of the Glamorgan L.G.C., was the runner-up.

No article on ladies' golf for the past year would be complete without some mention of the International contests. The first took place, as customary, at the Ranelagh meeting, when the handsome Cup given by the Ranelagh Club was competed for by medal play. England, Ireland, and Scotland were all well represented, and a close struggle took place. On the first day's play England was two strokes to the good, Ireland being second, but on the second day the fortunes were reversed, and by a splendid effort the Irish team managed to gain supremacy, and for the fourth time carried off the Cup. The members of the Irish team who made the winning scores were Miss May Hezlet, Mrs. Durlacher, Miss Violet Hezlet, and Miss Gubbins. The latter is particularly worthy of mention, as it was her first appearance at Ranelagh, and she was totally unacquainted with the links. Her home club is Cork, and she may be considered one of the best of the South of Ireland golfers, having made great progress during the last couple of years.

The other International contests took place prior to the Championship meeting at Cromer. There was a large field to choose from, hence the three countries were more strongly represented than usual, and some really excellent golf took place. Mr. T. H. Miller, of Singleton Park, one of the Vice-Presidents of the L.G.U., very kindly presented a magnificent silver trophy in the form of a shield as a prize for the contest, his intention being that the winning team of each year should have their names engraved thereon in silver letters. Intense interest was manifested in the matches, and finally Scotland came out of the ordeal with flying colours, defeating both England and Ireland, while England had the satisfaction of defeating Ireland, and poor Ireland had no satisfaction at all. The members of the Scotch team were: Miss M. A. Graham, Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Glover, Miss Maitland, Mrs. Brown, Miss M. Neill Frazer, and Miss Brown.

County Golf Championship

In the English county golf contests, Yorkshire proved the successful team for 1905, after a tie in the final against Middlesex. The winning team had the advantage of numbering Miss Bertha Thompson, the Open Champion, among its members, and the rest of the players were Miss E. Steel, Miss K. Moeller, Mrs. H. Lister, Miss N. Haigh, Miss Robson, and Mrs. Swayne. In Ireland, Co. Donegal carried all before it, defeating Co. Dublin in the final, the names of the representatives being, Miss Tynte, Miss M. Dickson, Miss K. Gillies, and Mrs. Baird.

It would take too much time and space to enumerate the results of all the minor Championship meetings, such as Yorkshire, Midland, Cornish, etc., or to attempt a detailed description of the play of those lady golfers in Britain and Ireland whose names figure prominently in the prize lists at open meetings, and whose form is of the scratch and plus calibre. Sufficient it is to say that as each year draws to a close, the improved standard in ladies' golf becomes more and more manifest. Those who can remember the class of play at the first two or three Championship meetings must stand amazed at the wonderful development of the game and the extraordinarily increased power displayed by the average lady golfer of the present day. Not only is she able to drive a considerably longer ball, but she appears to have gained a far greater mastery over all her clubs.

May Hezlet

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

"Round About My Peking Garden." By Mrs. Archibald Little. (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net.)

"Recollections." By William O'Brien. (Macmillan: 14*s.* net.)

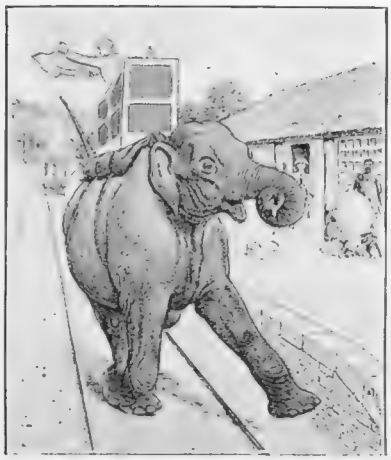
"The Stoat Pack." By G. G. Desmond. (Alston Rivers: 5*s.* net.)

"The Ways of Nature." By John Burroughs. (Constable: 5*s.*)

"The Collected Poems of Austin Dobson." (Kegan Paul: 6*s.*)

"The Story of the Jovial Elephant." By W. Ralston. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Round About My Peking Garden," by Mrs. Archibald Little (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net), is, to use the author's own phrase, "a little tribute to a time of dalliance in one of China's many pleasant places." As in "The Land of the Blue Gown," "Intimate China," and her novels, Mrs. Little shows us China as seen through the eyes of an Englishwoman with good powers of observation and a ready pen to describe. The style in this book, as in others by the same hand, is nothing if not conversational and intimate, though there is an unfortunate tendency to use slang. One does not "hang over" railings, nor does one "raise talk"—not in England, at least. These are typical instances, and, having mentioned them, no more need be said on the matter. Mrs. Little herself would no doubt disclaim calling her book literature, even as she disclaims having written a guide book, and in the pleasant region which lies betwixt the two a forgetful hour or two can be spent in perusing the author's vivacious descriptions of Peking and its inhabitants. These include descriptions of the town and the country round, of the many "forbidden" parts of the city, and also of journeys made to Port Arthur and Dalny. One of our illustrations—that of the bedroom of the Dowager Empress—is, in itself, sufficient proof that the old order is changing at Peking. One is struck, on looking at this picture, by the European character of the room and its furniture. Of the Dowager-Empress herself, Mrs. Little has much that is interesting to say, and the following word-picture only heightens our disgust of the woman who, more than anybody else, was responsible for the Boxer massacres:—



"We had to cross the railway, and the reckless brute promptly raced the Wusse:thanbad Express, winning just by a tail"

(From "The Story of the Jovial Elephant," by kind permission of Simpkin, Marshall, Kent and Co.)

> Tse-Hsi, Empress Dowager, was the next to appear, standing for some time on the railway platform with very *voyant* embroideries, a eunuch supporting her under either arm. On this occasion she certainly looked her age, sixty-eight, with very broad face and many double chins. Her eyes, the longest probably ever seen, remained cast down, and though there was a great appearance of graciousness, the smile, whose coldness is said to chill even foreign Ministers, was absent. Yet, as she stood still and silent, with her eyes cast down, one felt the magnetic power of the woman. There was no appearance of powder or paint about her, no indication of either eyes or eyebrows being artificially lengthened. If done at all, it must have been well done. But the thing that was most striking about her was her stillness.

Our other illustration shows the Imperial Throne in the Forbidden City, or rather what used to be the "forbidden" part of the city. The book is well illustrated throughout with a series of admirable photographs, which help the reader to realise vividly many of Mrs. Little's fine descriptive passages.

Imperial Throne room in Forbidden City

(From "Round About My Peking Garden," by kind permission of T. Fisher Unwin)

Mr. William O'Brien's "Recollections" (Macmillan: 14*s.* net), is really his autobiography, though Mr. O'Brien is far too modest a man to have it so called. To English readers who only know the author as one of the most determined and vigorous of Irish patriots—or Parliamentary obstructionists—whichever you will, it

seems impossible to imagine that under his political demeanour — deep down beneath, the politician who has made himself one of the most hated members of the Irish Party, there lies another William O'Brien, a shrinking, timid soul, with all the Celtic passion for dreams. The two personalities seem incompatible, almost impossible, and Mr. O'Brien's biography affords as striking an instance as it is possible to recall of the power of environment in the shaping of human personality. In boyhood his principal amusement was to climb up into "the topmost branches of a 'Molly' tree, the highest in our garden." "Here," he says, "I would bask by the hour upon my gently shaking couch, amidst the apple blossoms or the green fruit. . . . Sometimes the hours passed in mere wandering thought, formless and indolent." A curious preparation for the stirring days to come!

Dowager Empress's bedroom

(From "Round About My Peking Garden," by kind permission of T. Fisher Unwin)

Mr. O'Brien was a born writer. He tells us how, in his thirteenth year, he "published" in manuscript "The Poetical Works of William O'Brien," and he was but seventeen when he wrote his famous letter to the *Daily News* on Irish Politics—a letter which, quoted in full in his biography, contains the substance of his political creed of to-day. However much we may disagree with this, the man's earnestness and sincerity must always appeal to our admiration. Of Fenianism, of Parnell, of Gladstone, Tim Healy, John Dillon, Mr. O'Brien writes with that personal knowledge which only he possesses, and, as there never was a time when Englishmen needed to understand the Irish temperament and Irish affairs more than at present, so it can be said as confidently there never was a book more able than Mr. O'Brien's "Recollections" to help them do so.

Within the last few years there has sprung up a new school of nature-writers who, so to speak, see things from the inside. Writers of the old school, the Gilbert Whites (could there ever have been more than one?) and Richard Jefferies, wrote of Nature as they saw it through their own individualities. The new nature-writer, however, tries to interpret for us the outlook of the animal upon life, as is done in Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's books, and also in Mr. W. J. Ginn's, whose "Northern Trails" was recently noticed in these columns Of this character is "The Stoat Pack," by G. G. Desmond (Alston Rivers: 5*s.*), a little book which deals simply, from the animals' point of view, with the wild life to be found in an ordinary English meadow and along our hedgerows. As a book for healthy boys with a growing love of sport this volume will teach much concerning "the survival of the fittest," and presented to the young hopeful just learning to handle a gun will cause him oftentimes to pause and reflect that animals and birds have other reasons for existence than merely to become a convenient target for his small shot. The book is illustrated with bold illustrations; in fact, one of them is so very bold that we hardly recognised our old friend the badger as he appears in the illustration on p. 44. G. F. J.

A Jovial Elephant Indeed!

Mr. W. Ralston is a draughtsman who has made a speciality of the light side of sport in India. Each of his page drawings may be regarded as a laughable chapter of accidents. "The Story of the Jovial Elephant" consists of a series of coloured drawings, instinct with humour, which never flags from the start upon a tiger hunt, with a *mahout* who was not a teetotaller, to the "next morning," when man and beast woke up with what may be called an "arracking headache." The book is dedicated to Mr. Car. Thomas, manager of *The Graphic*.

To Our Readers

It is with real regret that I announce the withdrawal from my staff of "J. A. H.," who has been a regular contributor, from the very first number, of "Gossip About Bookmen," which has proved to be one of the most popular features of the paper. Mr. J. A. Hammerton has recently been appointed Editor of the *London Magazine*, and his work at Carmelite House, entailing, as it does, the management of some new publications, leaves him no time to devote to other work. The relations between contributor and editor are not matters to be revealed to the public; but there was a personal touch about Mr. Hammerton's work which brought him into close contact with our readers, to whom I feel is due an explanation of the causes which have led to his withdrawal, as well as a personal tribute to the cordial relations which have always existed between us.—Ed.

A Woman's Note Book

It is a great mistake to go away at Christmas time. There is the packing! And it is packing for a whole family, because everybody is at home, and everybody is extra rampant and extra useless in consequence of high spirits at the prospect of holidays, or deep dejection caused by the consumption of too many sweets. Still, to pack at home is not so bad, for it is a special privilege to be as cross and as plain-spoken with one's own family as one can wish; and though the using of this domestic advantage is no actual help in emptying drawers and filling endless trunks, it is a great relief to the feelings. But to pack for a strange family and be constrained to show a quite absurd politeness and consideration, to find it necessary to argue mildly over each useless object that will *not* fit into the box, instead of authoritatively refusing to contemplate such foolishness—oh, this is labour indeed. Yet, supposing a mother of a family suddenly and inconsiderately takes a chill, and writes to you, as her next-door neighbour and best acquaintance, to come and fill her own and her children's boxes while she spends a day in bed to fit her for the journey, appealing to your kind-heartedness and common-sense and all your other sterling virtues — well, what else can your kind-heartedness and natural vanity do but respond.

M. Henryk Sienkiewicz

The famous Polish author, who has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature

This was how it happened! All the boxes were in the hall. I don't know *why* they were in the hall, but they were. Someone suggested they had been aired by the kitchen fire, and the hall was the next step. It would have been simpler had the housemaid carried them upstairs, but she didn't think so, and it is necessary to pay great regard to the thoughts of housemaids when you get them. So the children carried their things down instead. The eldest was fourteen, and had a vague reputation for wisdom and common-sense. On this account she was entrusted with her mother's blouses, which she brought negligently on one arm, in company with her paint-box and a leaky tin of turpentine, and having disposed of them at the bottom of a trunk, showed a disposition to pack boots and shoes on top of them. I rescued the blouses, packed the mother's trunk, amidst a deafening uproar, and constant messages, suggestions, or alterations from the bedroom, conveyed through the daughter of fourteen, and then turned to the affairs of the schoolboy. His things were on the floor in a great heap, "ready" for me, he said. The kitten had got somehow into the heap, and was playing with a stamp album. I slowly sorted his belongings; the clothes contained pounds of biscuits in crumbs which fell from them like powder, and sweets of various descriptions were sticking to all the pocket-linings. I made a fatal mistake in opening a box purporting to contain collars, for I let out a dormouse. The hunt which ensued was extremely trying; besides, I had offended the family. As the schoolboy pointed out, I might have known people didn't prick holes in the top of a box to give fresh air to *collars!* The baby was most exasperating of all; she was only three, but I think she was born with ideas, and her one object in life was to uphold and defend them. She brought seven dolls—a Japanese lady, her hair decked with fans; two with inked features upon a solid rag background; one strange creature, neither animal or human, which might have interested Darwin; another had no clothing whatever but a shady hat; while the remaining one was very elaborate, except for a band of stamp-paper designed to secure two separate portions of her head, and was called Miss Wales, with a vague idea of Royalty. The baby refused to give any information about her own clothing, and I was obliged to refer to her eldest sister. Meanwhile, Miss Wales's head fell in two, and a loud roar ensued, which, however, was quickly stopped by a tactful little boy, who stuffed such a huge piece of cocoa-nut ice into the baby's mouth that she was unable to make any further sound. That evening I sat wearily by the mother's bedside, and answered such questions as: "You say Frank took *four* pairs of stockings? Did you remember Hilda's everyday jacket, and the woolly thing baby wears under her coat, and——?" At this juncture a telegram came from their relatives asking my very trying family not to come after all, as their cousins were laid up with influenza.

Lady Phyllis.

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

THE PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR SECOND COMPETITION ARE GIVEN BELOW

£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.

First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.

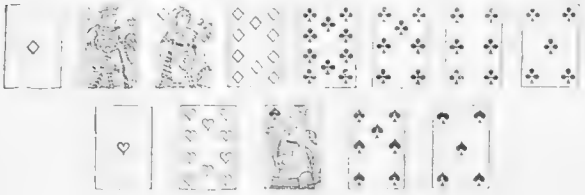
SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

Fifth Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DUMMY, AND WHY?

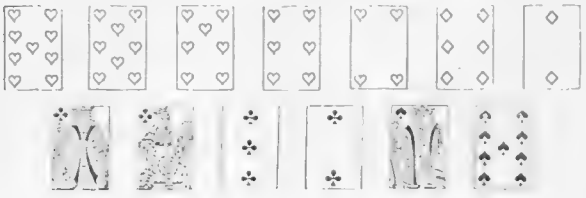
PROBLEM XIII.

Dealer, love; Adversaries, a Game and 26.



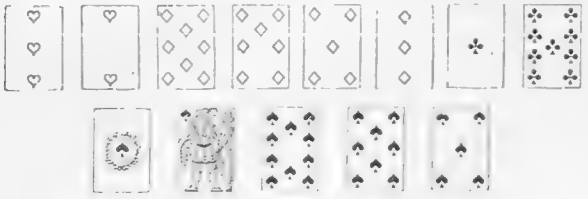
PROBLEM XIV

Dealer, 24; Adversaries, a Game and 26.



PROBLEM XV.

Dealer, 12; Adversaries, a Game and 28.



What You Have to Do

1. Herewith three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, if you think the right answer to a Problem is "Spades," take half a sheet of notepaper and write "Spades." After that, you write your reasons for the declaration.

2. Having written the answers to the three problems—with reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which your marks in the Eight Weeks Competition may be published.

3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize *of the same value* during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

Second Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

Miss Vera M. Oakes, Narrabri, Bexhill-on-Sea.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

Lieut. R. A. N. Smyth, R.G.A., 1, Befield Terrace, Weymouth.

W. D. Wiggins, Esq., The Infirmary, Greenwich.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving Problems IV., V., and VI., in our Eight Weeks' Competition:—

15, Ap Twn, Captain Cuttle, Noel, Ranipet, Vera; 14, Erin, Hes, Motorette, Mugwump; 13, Cherub, Gazëka II., L. S. P., Occasional, President, Summer, Tar Wallah; 12, Auch, Chip, Cuntux, Kenneth, Malt, Moth, Peter, Solon; 11, Beechy, Cœur, Edgbaston, Engineer II., Horatio, Isabel, Pelican, Pons, Scalpel, Sepoy, Snoodles, Sunny Jim, Stream; 10, Beetle, Belladonna, Bidean nam Bian, Bids, Boathorse, Bunch, Cardinal, David, Didums, Fen, Fluffy, Ganmain, Gollywog, Kirkland, Minatur, Quill, Temple, Watadam; 9, Addie, Aga, Bulbs, Chess, Crossjack, Dew, Dogger, Domine, Dunsmore, Ecclesiasticus, Fantôme, H. A. W., Jane Shore, Lalla, Longbridge, Loyal au Mort, Norland, Owing, P. M. S., Primrose, Ray, Stine, Travis, Trivator, Turquoise; 8, Also Ran, Aizt, Black Diamond, Darkie, Eblow, Falcon, Fuchsia, Gazëka I., Imp, James, Kirkbank, Long Compton, Luppy, Nutloup, Rieton, Solver, Sunshine, Tarbet, Vengeance, Wantacas; 7, Alexander, Angus, Bat, Blue, Bunnie, Carolus, Chieftain, C. J. T., Cruida, Garrison, J. G. M., Joker, Kathleen, Kinsnorth, Lollypop, Martyr, Mashie, Novice III., Ormon, Otis, Pelham, Poultry, Snider, Tansan, Tom Tit, Tylhus, Ubique, Wilmoteswick; 6, Bridget, Caermol, Dunsmark, Hockey I., Irishman, Mannamead, Needles, Novice I., Tactics, Wintblossom; 5, Agra, Albemarle, Athole, Austral, Buck Rabbit, Cardata, Crackpot, Da, Eileen, G. Lang, Hainault, Hated Rival, Kithogue, L. S. D., Maraquita, Numeral, Pernox, Punch, Rokeby, Rosina Lilly, Taffy, Trixd, Waverley, Woffle; 4, Candlelight, Hockey II., John Colton, M. Green, Norlands, Smitte.

SOLUTIONS

PROBLEM IV.—No-trumps. The hand is nearly an ace above the average, and though the black suits are not protected, they are not without strength, and you have to credit your partner with an average hand. If you leave it, as you may be tempted to do, you can hardly expect a red suit call from your partner, since you have four hearts to the ace and three honours in diamonds; a no-trump call from him is even less likely; and the hand is too good to waste on a black call.

PROBLEM V.—Leave it. It is exceedingly improbable that you will make three by tricks in diamonds; and with your opponents sixteen up, no-trumps on such a hand is hardly excusable. Dummy may be able to give you hearts or no-trumps; if he has a bad hand, your opponents need four tricks in doubled spades to go out, and you ought to be able to escape.

PROBLEM VI.—Hearts. You need but the trick to go out, and unless hearts are trumps your hand is of very little value. You may be doubled, indeed, but unless you are, your opponents will find it hard, if Dummy holds even moderate cards, to make two by tricks; if he holds an average hand you ought to make the odd trick. You must go for the rubber.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

ROUND THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW

French Cleverness

Better than ever is the motor exhibition which fills the Grand Palais in Paris. The French not only know how to design and build cars, but they know how to show them. Of course, the Automobile Club Francais, who are responsible for this superb motor exhibition, start with advantages. The Society of Motor Manufacturers, who annually organise Olympia, have to put up with a building which is ugly, which lacks proper accommodation, and whose approaches are bad. On the contrary, the French Government places at the disposal of the French Club a well-proportioned, artistic building. It stands amidst charming surroundings, it is easily approached, and proper provision is made outside for visitors' cars. Then again, it starts properly, instead of coming into existence in an informal manner.

The President Opens It

But although M. Loubet thus honoured the Salon, his method of coming was distinctly disappointing. It was, so to speak, the one fly in the ointment—the President actually came in a carriage. France makes more motors than any other country—she still leads the world—yet the first man in France approaches the great car carnival in a horse-drawn vehicle.

From the Gallery

Late on a Sunday afternoon, the huge building is packed full. Viewed from the gallery, the sight is unique; dense crowds provide a slowly moving, dark background, so dense that one sees nothing of the floor space and but little of the shining chassis that they cluster round. From out this black mass rise a multitude of pillared signs—rich in colour, of variegated form, and sparkling with electric lights. High above, through the glass roof, the last of the daylight shows blue; lines of glowing lights mark the roof-girders; here and there are brilliant star-clusters; in the centre, the light lines culminate in a big hemisphere or half-globe of electric lights.

Is it Useful as well as Ornamental?

As good wine needs no bush so it may be argued that good cars need no such elaborate ornamental setting. It must, however, be remembered that the industry is a comparatively new one. There are hundreds of hesitating buyers of motor-cars. Such a brilliant exhibition as the Paris Salon attracts, advertises, and helps the motor movement not a little. To sell goods you must put them in the shop window. Window dressing as an aid to business is by no means to be despised. The man who arranges his window better than his competitors, even supposing the quality of the goods is the same, does

Scotland in Paris at the Motor Show

Among the few British firms that were enterprising enough to exhibit at the big Motor Show, now being held in the Grand Palais, Paris, was the Argyll

more business. A well-arranged, artistic exhibition, such as the Paris Salon, does more than bring intending buyers. It also attracts the sight-seeing public, and gives many, no doubt, their first interest in motorism. It behoves English motor manufacturers to make a considerable effort to improve our annual exhibition. Turning now to the cars, one instinctively begins with

The Panhard

The first French firm to successfully produce a heavy touring-car were Messrs. Panhard and Levassor. Many of the advantages of an early start are now perhaps neutralised. Others have entered the field and have caught up. Still, the practical knowledge of metals and construction obtained by many years of experience is a valuable asset. Even those who are not in love with Panhard design acknowledge the wearing qualities that these cars possess. The firm this year make five models: 15 h.-p., 18 h.-p., 24 h.-p., 35 h.-p., and 50 h.-p. They are all long enough to accommodate side-entrance bodies. The last three have ball-bearing gear-boxes, with direct drive on top speed. In France, the most serious competitor to the Panhard is that efficient car,

A novelty in Paris

Although Paris is full of private cars, a service of motor-'buses has only just been started

The Renault

This year the famous Billancourt firm have added three new types: a little two-cylinder 8 h.-p., a 10 h.-p. with four-cylinders all cast in one, and a 35-45 h.-p. It is noticeable that this latter, a big powerful car, retains the distinctive Renault features, a bevel drive and thermo-syphon cooling. This year the patented type of gear-box, which the firm have fitted with such success, is replaced in their two higher-powered cars, namely, the 20-30 h.-p. and the 35-45 h.-p., by a gear which meshes by sliding. On all the 1906 types the variable lift to the inlet valves is replaced by a specially designed throttle. For simplicity of design and careful finish and fitting, these cars are unsurpassed by anything in the Salon.

The Mors

Is another firm which, from the point of view of excellent workmanship, claims attention. For 1906 they are producing a 17 h.-p., a 28 h.-p., and a 45 h.-p. Something new in clutches is now fitted by these manufacturers. In the inside of

Photo by] **The De Dietrich exhibit at the Paris Motor Show** ['Topical Agency

These cars are as popular in France as they are in England. It may be remembered that last summer a De Dietrich car won the "Coupe des Pyrenees" a cup which was, unfortunately, stolen at Olympia

GRAND HOTEL HARROGATE.

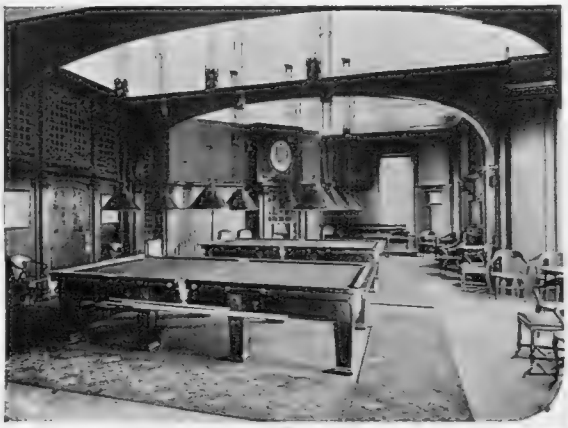
SPECIAL TERMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Most Luxurious Hotel in the Provinces.

Bright Sunny Rooms, well heated.
Light, Baths, and Attendance Free.

TERMS: **10/6, 12/6,** AND **13/6** PER DAY.

Personal attention given to the Comfort of the Guests by the New Management.



"The fire blaze cleaves
To the bright holly leaves,
And the Mistletoe hangs
from the Rafter . . ."

Christmas Amusements.

CONCERTS. *GOLF.*
DANCES. *THEATRICALS.*

MOTORING.

From the Garage belonging to the hotel, and attached to the premises, Guests may hire Motors at

SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES.

THE

ONOTO

Self-filling and Safety Pen.

The "ONOTO" Self-filling and Safety Fountain Pen is a splendid Xmas present. It is the PERFECT Fountain Pen.

"The Pen of Points."

It can be filled in less than five seconds. Cannot possibly leak. The flow of ink can be regulated to suit any style of writing, and shut off entirely when not in use. Made in two sizes—Watch-pocket and Desk. Ask your Stationer to show it you.

Interesting little booklet sent free by the makers—

THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., Ltd.
LONDON, E.C.

THE BEST

Xmas Gift

IMPORTANT TO ALL MOTOR-CAR OWNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

If you want your Car to look smart, try "Rolledge," and you will not regret it.

"ROLLEDGE"

(REGD.)

AUTO-POLISH.

Absolutely Unique, for

CLEANING,
PRESERVING,
AND
WATER-PROOFING

All Leather and Enamelled Parts of Motor Cars.

Obtainable in all colours from the leading Motor Stores, Grocers, Dry-salters, &c.

MADE ONLY BY

E. BROWN & SON,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated "Meltonian" Blacking, "Meltonian" and "Lutetian" Creams, and other Boot Preparations,

7, CARRICK ST., LONDON, and 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.

the fly-wheel is placed an internal expanding brake, similar in form to a brake used on the back road-wheels of many cars. This effectually grips the fly-wheel, except, of course, when the clutch-pedal is pressed downwards. Another feature of interest is the arrangement of the brakes on the back road-wheels. These brakes, in most makes of cars, are controlled by the hand-lever ; in the new Mors they can also be applied by the foot-pedal—an arrangement which all who have driven a high-powered car will appreciate. Close to the Mors stand one saw a car well known to English motorists, namely, the

De Dietrich

Like other prominent makers, the De Dietrich Company number amongst their 1906 types a new light car of 12-15 h.-p. This particular model differs in many respects from the ordinary practice of the firm—the motor, a four-cylinder one, has the cylinders cast in pairs, the inlet and exhaust valves are on the same side, operated by one cam shaft. The pump, as is usual in De Dietrich practice, is gear driven. The great difference, however, from other types of De Dietrich motors is the ignition. On this model the ignition fitted is the high-tension Simms-Bosch, with plugs. The drive will be the same as on the 1905 De Dietrich, four speeds and reverse with chains ; the clutch is of the cone type, and the control of the motor is arranged by levers on the steering wheel and by accelerator pedal. The width of the chassis is 850 mm., narrowed in front to 780 mm., thus allowing a sharp lock, making the car particularly suitable for use in traffic. This chassis is arranged to take a side-entrance carriage body, landaulette, or coupe for town work On the other types shown by this firm the Simms-Bosch low-tension ignition is still fitted. The valves this year are different, the admission and exhaust valves being now placed on the same side of the motor and driven direct. Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, who handle the cars in England, were unlucky in having the "Coupe des Pyrenees" stolen from their stand at Olympia. Still the effect of winning that cup remains, and I hear that this year the De Dietrich models are more popular than ever.

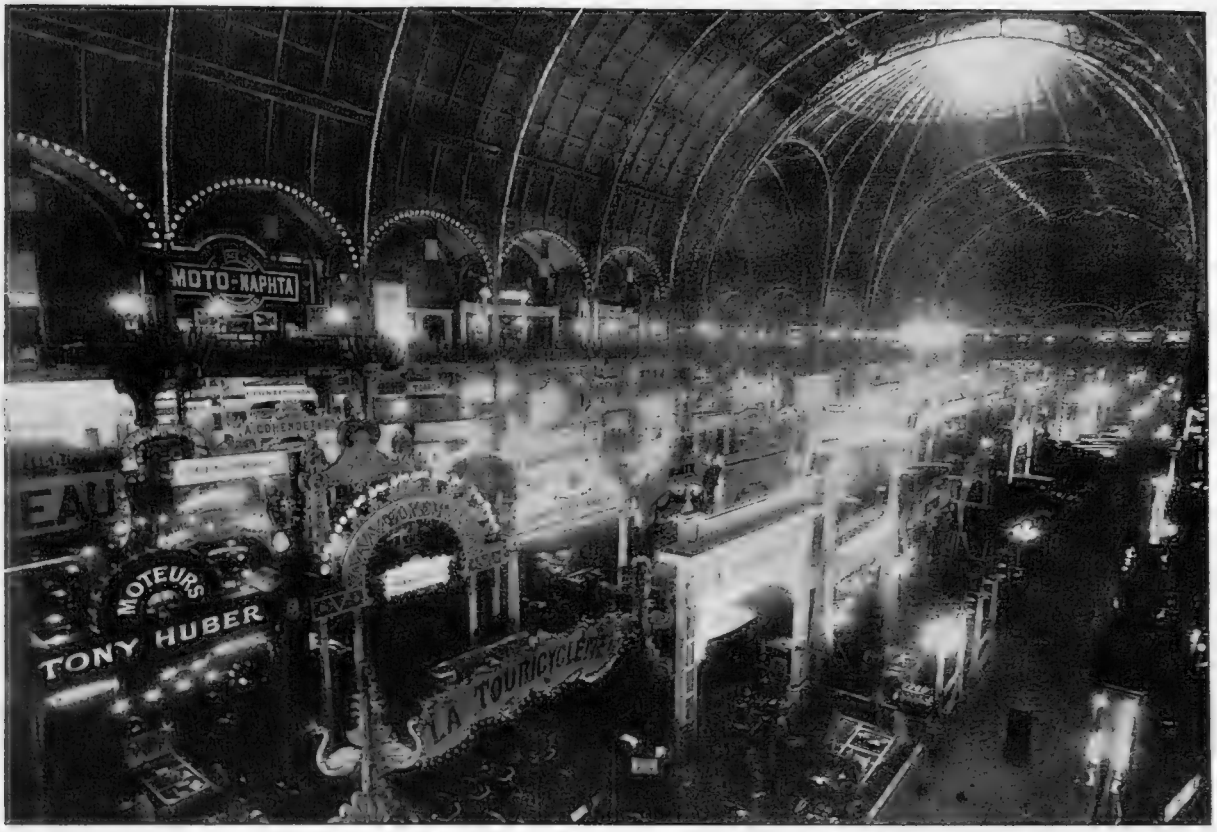
The Argyll

British exhibits are conspicuous by their absence, but the Argyll Company, with their usual business-like pertinacity, put in an appearance. This Scotch firm make a good car, and they don't mind coming to Paris and exhibiting their chassis beside the best French products. I believe if more British firms followed the example of the Argyll, it would be better for the home industry. The visitors' attention was directed to a chassis of the 14-16 h.-p. car, in which two of the cylinders were shown in part section, thus illustrating the working action of the inlet and exhaust valves and pistons, and showing the ample water space and regular section of metal. The cover of the gear-box was also cut away to show the action of the gear. The engine is a new four-cylinder model made by the exhibiting firm, and it has a new type of ball-bearing back axle, and a metal-to-metal clutch. Since last year, many alterations and improvements have been introduced into Argyll cars; prominent among these are : an alteration in the shape of the dashboard, the widening of the side doors, and the fitting of a luggage slide on the rear of the car. A new worm, quadrant-steering gear has been devised, and the back axle has been

Photos by **Curious caps for chauffeuses on exhibition at the Paris Motor Show** [*Branger*

These caps were made in leather, the idea being to represent a motor-car

The Paris Motor Show at Night



Illuminations in the Grand Palais

By Appointment to

H.M. The King

By Appointment to

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

As a result of the large extension of our Coventry Works and the benefits which accrue from being able to standardise and concentrate our manufacturing plant as nearly as possible on one line of work, the cost of production has been reduced to a minimum.

We beg to announce therefore that, while maintaining the high standard of material and workmanship which has characterised our Motor Carriages in previous years, we are able to make the following material reductions in prices for the coming season :—

	Reduced from
28 h.-p., 8½ ft. wheel base Chassis	£700 to £590
30 h.-p., 8½ ft. wheel base Chassis	£825 to £690
35 h.-p., 8½ ft. wheel base Chassis	£1,050 to £890

The DAIMLER MOTOR CO. (1904) Limited,

DAIMLER WORKS, COVENTRY;

219-229, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.

redesigned, with an axle-case of T type and ball-bearings throughout. The 1906 gear-box has roller-bearings, as well as a new arrangement of striking gear. The levers are attached to the forward end of the gear-box. The back brakes now have a cam action instead of a toggle, and a new method has been adopted of fixing the front ball-races on the axle; the bearings are also protected by dust and water-shields. In the 16-20 h.-p. models a new type of internally expanding foot-brake, entirely encased and protected, has been introduced, and special attention has been given to the lubrication of the ends of the springs and radius rods. The Argyll are one of those firms who turn out the finished car complete. You state your requirements, pay out the necessary cheque, and they give you a finished article. I examined a landaulette type amongst their Paris exhibits. It showed careful finish and good workmanship. Proper accommodation for luggage was provided, and proper leg room for the driver—a point often overlooked in landaulette design.

Magnetos

This year sees the general adoption of some form of magneto on almost every make of car. Even if a manufacturer only fits the ordinary high-tension coil and battery he is invariably careful to add that, for an extra payment of, say, about £15, a magneto can be fitted. Many makers fit both battery and magneto ignition, a few only magneto ignition. The Mercedès, Delaunay, Belville, and Hotchkiss, have so arranged their engine design that either high or low-tension magneto can be fitted. This seems a very desirable arrangement, and it will enable a certain number of the public to settle for themselves the relative merits of the two systems. The advantage of the high-tension magneto is that there is only *one* contact breaker to adjust; consequently, as all four cylinders use the same contact breaker the time of firing must be the same in every cylinder. The only disadvantage apparent in this system is that, for mechanical reasons, it is difficult to get much advance in the point of firing. Some manufacturers dislike it, too, because a current of considerable voltage passing at high speeds necessitates very careful insulation. The low-tension, on the other hand, is much less liable to short circuit, and it is quite easy for the driver from his seat to alter the time of firing. But it requires a separate contact breaker for each cylinder, and they require to be separately adjusted. It also necessitates an additional number of working parts. Personally, I am of the opinion that, if properly fitted, in the hands of the unskilful the high-tension magneto is the best, but if sufficient skill is obtainable to keep the low-tension system properly adjusted, a car so fitted is faster, because you obtain by this means a proper advance.

Self Starters

Some little time ago M. Deutsch offered a prize for the best self-starter. Chief among the conditions laid down were that it should be easily operative by the driver without moving from his seat. The offer of this prize produced several designs, and four or five of these were on view at the Salon. Shown on a Richard-Brasier car was an arrangement attached to a side lever: a wire cord connecting the lower end of this lever to a free-wheel pulley mounted on the end of the crank shaft. Pulling on the lever is, therefore, equivalent to turning the starting handle. The Mors fitted a small combined petrol tank and carburettor on the dashboard, a species of air-pump on the step at the side of the driver communicates with this tank and enables him to pump air, mixed with petrol, through this tank into the cylinders. Additional high-tension coil-ignition being fitted, the driver is enabled to start by switching on. The

At the Paris Motor Show: Something our neighbours manage better

The heavy traction vehicles, commercial motors, and motor-boats comprise an overflow exhibition held in a separate building. Those responsible for our Olympia Exhibition might well adopt this system of an annexe

"Sanitas"

OIL

Vapourised in a "Sanitas Fumigator" by means of a Night Light,

CURES, WHILE YOU SLEEP,

2/6 Each

ASTHMA,
CROUP,
WHOOPING COUGH,
INFLUENZA,
BRONCHITIS.

All who suffer from Lung and Throat Complaints can produce the real atmosphere of Pine and Eucalyptus Forests in their own Homes (thus saving an expensive journey abroad) by using "SANITAS OIL" and the "SANITAS FUMIGATOR."

"SANITAS OIL" is the best possible inhalant, and is a powerful Germicide and Oxidant.

"SANITAS OIL," 1/- and 4/- Bottles.
"SANITAS" INHALERS, 1/- and 2/6 each.
"SANITAS" EMBROCATION, 1/- and 2/6 Bottles.
"SANITAS SOLUBLE OIL" (for Pine Baths), 1/- and 4/- Bottles.
"SANITAS PASTILLES," 1/- Tins.
"SANITAS POCKET SPITTOONS," 2/6 each.

"To breathe 'Sanitas' is to breathe Health."
—GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

Special Pamphlet Free.

THE "SANITAS" CO., Ltd., Limehouse, London, E.

C.G.V.

The Success of 1905.

1906 models now ready.

The new 14 H.-P. C.G.V. Landaulette for town use.

The London Motor Garage Co., Ltd., 33-37, Wardour Street, London, W.

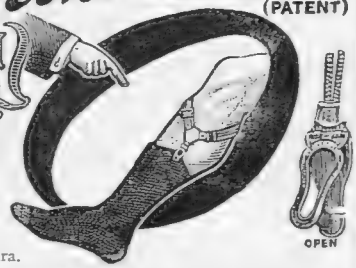
Charron Girardot and Voigt.

CARS.

"Well, here's my comfort." SHAKESPEARE

FOR GENTLEMEN.

THE H.W. Velvet Grip (PATENT) BOSTON GARTER



In Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Black and White.

Cotton (plain) 1s. pair.
Cotton (check) 1s. pair.
Silk (plain) 2s. pair.

By Post 1d. extra.

L. & R. WOODERSON
(Under the Tree),

"The Acme of Comfort."
"The Height of Perfection."
122/4, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

LÉON BOLLÉE MERCÉDÈS

Immediate Delivery from Stock.

SPARE PARTS SUPPLIED.

All Repairs Executed by Experienced Workmen.

1906 MODELS.

THE BEST FRENCH & GERMAN CARS.

1906 MODELS.

MERCÉDÈS LÉON BOLLÉE

Cars for Hire by Day, Week, or Month.

Sole Agents for Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies, of the Léon Bollée Syndicate, Ltd.,

THE CANNSTATT AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION,

Telegrams "Cannstatt, London."

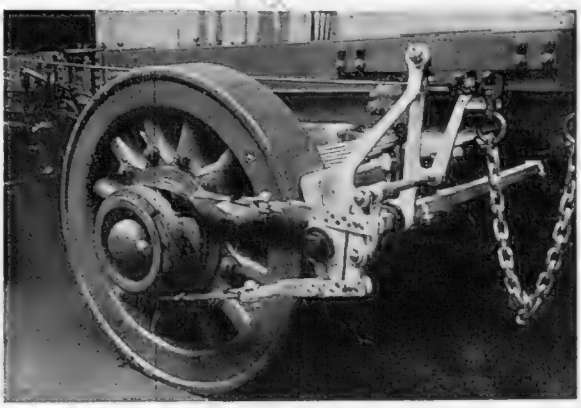
34, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

Telephone No. 10714 Central.

Renault had an arrangement by which the engine always keeps charged—a small steel reservoir of compressed air; this reservoir communicates with a small air-engine, which can be connected to the fly-wheel. The buying public seems inclined to set store by these devices, and no doubt, in the case of ladies who wish to manage their own cars, they are desirable. As a general rule, I am inclined to class them with apparatus for mechanically inflating tyres, and to consider them superfluous complications.

Downright Rotters

I saw one or two four-cylinder cars for less than £200. The chassis was nice and bright, and perhaps to the ignorant, attractive. Examination showed that, practically speaking, as cars they were worthless—just chucked together. After all, what can you expect if you try and get too much for the money. Far better buy a little light 6 h.-p. De Dion than waste money on such rubbish. Talking of worthless cars, I saw in one corner a car with an air-cooled engine, and a method of transmitting the power to the road-wheels by two unprotected V-shaped belts. Getting into conversation with the merchant in charge I learnt that he had sold several!



A powerful brake

Heavy traction vehicles need good brakes. This type fitted to a Janvier lorry is most effective

Prices

One may say that prices, except in one or two instances, are much the same. A scarcity of really good small cars exists, and there is, if anything, a tendency for prices in the £150-£200 class to rise. If any fall in prices during the next year does occur, it will, I think, be in the higher-powered classes—20 h.-p. and upwards. It cannot be too much impressed on those buying a first car that initial cost is by no means everything. If you buy a car by well-known makers, you have got a property—something that, if you wish, you can sell again; an unknown experiment by a new firm may be difficult to dispose of even to your best friend. If you have a limited amount of money, and want a four-seater, instead of buying a cheap type new, it may often pay to buy a good make second-hand. An old Panhard or a Renault may be a bit slack in some of the bearings, but it is made of the right stuff, and, subject to minor repairs, it is bound to go and do good work.

Alfred C. Hunter

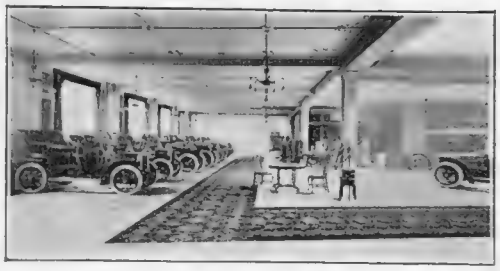
Photo by] **A leading Italian car** [*Topical*

If any country threatens France's supremacy in the motor industry it is Italy. The F.I.A.T. is, perhaps, the most prominent of several coming makes

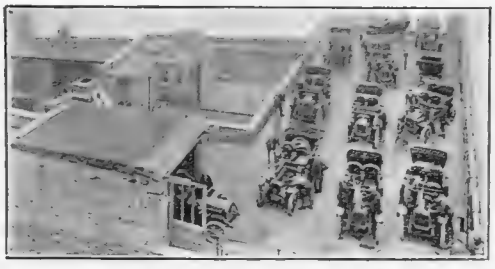
THE NEW LONDON DEPÔT

— for —

ARGYLL CARS



SHOWROOM CONTAINING OVER 40 CARS.



ROOF WHERE CARS ARE WASHED.

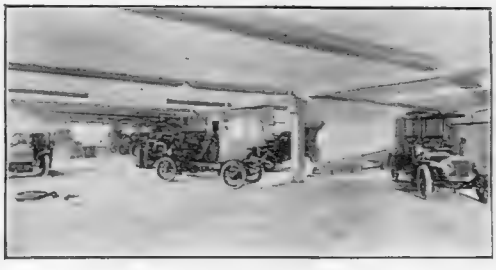
THE REPAIR DEPARTMENT—

stocked with thousands of spare parts, and manned with trained mechanics from Glasgow—is second to none in the Kingdom.

MESSRS ALFRED DUNHILL, Ltd.

have opened a Branch Establishment in our Showrooms, with a full range of their well-known Motor Clothing, etc.

REPAIR SHOP, FIRST FLOOR.



REPAIR SHOP, BASEMENT

Telephone: 1579 Gerrard.

Telegrams: "Carguiless, London."

ARGYLLS, LONDON, LIMITED

Chairman and Managing Director:
EUSTACE H. WATSON.

17, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

An error the really well-dressed woman never falls into is the slavish following of all fashion's dictates, regardless of suitability. Rather than affect a mode that is unbecoming to her, the woman who has really learnt to know herself prefers to be left behind in the race after mere novelty, and to rely solely for success on a gracious pleasing appearance. Never was the danger more imminent than now of suggesting a suffocating smartness, and never, at the same time, has *La Mode* made a more insistent demand for simple outline.

Reflections all these that have been borne in upon me over the ignorance that still prevails as to what constitutes the acceptable Empire gown, and *tout ensemble*. Despite the best efforts of modistes and *couturières*, the average woman still continues to go astray, and we are daily confronted by spectacles, such as an Empire coat, worn with a turban hat and floating veil—a terrible anachronism—or a short, dumpy woman arrayed in a Josephine frock that emphasises woefully every rotundity whereof she is possessed. In fact, on all sides, the observant eye cannot fail to perceive the deliberate intention that exists to caricature, and so render impossible the picturesque Empire movement.

And because of its delusive simplicity, this will inevitably fall to a greater or lesser extent into the hands of the inexperienced, a contingency that suffices to drive me to tears and much tribulation of spirit. For who, indeed, but an adept could render the justice due to so original a design in mere words? And yet, could anything be simpler, or less free from effort? The short coatee of deep purple velvet surmounting a dress of old *lavende* cloth, that is completed by a chemisette of chiffon and ivory lace. As a visiting toilette, this stands verily a supreme seduction

For the Sunny South

Inexplicable to many of us, considering the increasing reasonableness of the price, is the continued favour accorded *crêpe de chine* for the previous creations in course of construction for the Riviera. Maybe this is the last flare of the candle, but since it is a flare of such undeniable elegance I can only deem it worthy of record. A sartorial triumph revealed to me the other day, and which has lingered lovingly in memory ever since, was a corselet affair of heavy grey *crêpe de chine*, upheld by braces of embroidery, outlined by a finger-depth of dark fur, over a soft, rather loose, under-bodice of grey lace, picked out with a line of gold thread. And this confection, destined for the Casino, was accompanied by a long semi-fitting grey chiffon velvet cloak, lined through with gold tissue.

A purple chiffon also was lovely, veiling an underdress of painted tulle, and trimmed somewhat profusely with purple velvet, while for day wear there is a strong trend in favour of Quaker greys, real old-world tones, ranging from a silver shade to a regular smoke hue. In chiffon velvet, velveteen, corduroys, and satins—the latter mostly requisitioned in the cause of millinery—these greys carry a particular *cachet*, and, as will be readily surmised, allow for an almost unprecedented amount of variety in point of colour relief. They are delicious affectations of modesty, and while acting as a foil to the surrounding, frequently *voyant* tones, are themselves similarly influenced. *La Mode*, I am prepared to prophesy, has seldom struck a note more assured of securing the approval of the favour of the elect than in these Quaker grey *nuances*.

Nor do we propose to be left altogether out in the cold, even momentarily, over here, several leading modistes cleverly recognising the original possibilities of the grey chiffon and tulle evening frock, mounted over silver or gold tissue, the corsage repeating the *argent* relief in embroideries or thread-run lace.

Dyed Marabout

Just a year ago, I recall being enchanted by a set of marabout, comprising hat, stole, and muff, the first-named merely evidenced in a quantity of lovely soft falling tips on a white felt shape. Consequently, I am not surprised to find the idea developing, under delicately dyed conditions. Several times during the past week have I been confronted by tempting Christmas offerings, in the guise of marabout stoles and muffs, and now, for the Riviera, these accessories are putting in an appearance in tender colourings of pink, blue, mauve, etc. There is a rumour, moreover, as to marabout trimming coming again into favour, but as to the success of that revival it would be unsafe to predict anything. Meanwhile, there are the above-described sets to claim consideration at the hands of those lucky ones who meditate a visit to the "Côte d'Azur."

"Bijouterie" Tit-Bits

Leading easily, in this *galère*, is the graduated amethyst necklace, and the slave bangle in jade, white coral, or filled gold. The bracelet promises to be ubiquitous, notwithstanding a certain barbaric impracticability. It is impossible, for instance, to write comfortably with it on, and since it is, of necessity, sufficiently large to slip over the hand, it is equally prepared to slip off with similar ease. But having discounted its value from a utilitarian standpoint, let me say in all justice that the slave bangle has at least the merit of attractive novelty, and since its life is not likely to be a long one, the earlier we enjoy its decorative services the better. On the amethyst necklace there hangs larger hopes, and white coral again figures in connection with this fancy. In fact, the prediction is safe that the large bead necklace has come to work through several interesting developments, of which we shall hear more in the near future.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, W.

MOREEN UNDERSKIRT

Newest shape, full size, three flounces; in Red, Reseda, Cardinal, Prune, Grey, Helio, Brown, Myrtle, Electric, Navy Blue, and Black.

Unlined, **4/6.** Lined, **5/6**

MOREEN UNDERSKIRT

With three built-up flounces, and sets of tuckings, full size, newest shape; in Red, Reseda, Cardinal, Prune, Grey, Helio, Brown, Myrtle, Electric, Navy Blue, and Black.

Unlined only,

5/6

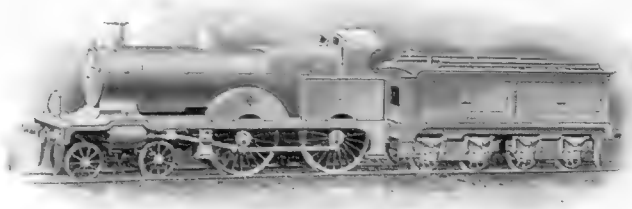
RAILWAYS BY POST

THE LATEST METHOD of Shopping is to BUY DIRECT from the MANUFACTURER.

We claim to have solved the difficult problem of "suitable presents for Boys above the toy-loving age," by providing an immense variety of Working Models that are not only very fascinating, but to a lad with a taste for mechanics, they become very useful, and the knowledge gained is of inestimable value.

Having made the production of working models our special study, we are able to offer the very best goods at a moderate cost, and can fit up a complete Miniature Railway.

We invite your inspection of our latest Catalogues.



Send at once for our Splendid New Catalogues.

SECTION A. — Model Locomotives, Rails, Coaches, Steam Boats, Yachts, and Electrical Sundries, etc. Over 140 pages, fully illustrated, post free, **4d.**

SECTION B. — Horizontal and Vertical Engines, Boilers, Boiler and Engine Fittings, Sheet Metal, Rods and Tubing, Pressure Gauges, Tools, etc., etc. Over 130 pages, fully illustrated, post free, **4d.**

SECTION C. — Scale Model Locos., Permanent Way, Bogies, Signals, Wagons, etc. Printed on art paper, over 50 pages, post free, **3d.**

The Latest Book on Model Engineering.

"MODEL RAILWAYS,"

By W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE.

A Handbook on the choice of Model Locomotives and Railway Equipment. Demy 8vo, 72 pages. Over 80 illustrations. Now ready, post free, **7d.**

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,

NORTHAMPTON.

Skating costume of black cloth

(An original design by K. Pleydel Young)

Original Skating Costume

Especially designed for black cloth, ornamented with *pattes* of velvet in a very subdued shade or Vieux rose and oxydised buttons, a further *imprevu* relief appearing in a touch of biscuit cloth at the cuffs, to which is toned the little embroidered lawn chemisette, and also the piquant hat of felt, trimmed fancy rose-plaid ribbon, and an effective feather mount.

"STELLITE"

PORTABLE ROOM-TO-ROOM

TELEPHONES

Think what an advantage they would be in YOUR Home!

Just to mention two—you can phone your orders to your servants—no waiting for you—no useless fagging for them.

Anyone in bed can have it from the bedroom to downstairs or anywhere else—a great advantage in illness. Does not matter if complaint infectious, no danger.

All little fittings are sent with it, and you can fit the whole thing up yourself without trouble, and without spoiling the looks of the room.

So useful are these telephones that unquestionably the day will come when they will be fitted all over every house.

You can try them free of cost, for we will send a set on a month's approval. If you don't like it you simply send it back to us and we refund in full.

Price from **7/6** each

BRITISH MADE.

But our descriptive list will tell you all about them and how to fit them. Why not get one this Christmas?

Write for Catalogue "S.M. 2,"—

ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO. Ltd.

Stellite Works, BIRMINGHAM.

GNL

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

Coats for Motoring & Driving

Similar to illustration as under, in

LEATHER	lined	Woollen	...	£6 10 0
CLOTH	,,	Leather	...	7 7 0
FRIEZE	,,	Leather	...	6 6 0
TWEED	,,	Fur, from	...	4 4 0
TWEED	,,	Warmly	...	2 2 0
RUBBER	,,	Woollen	...	2 7 6

LEATHER JACKETS 35s. 6d.

HOODS (Lined Rubber) 10s. 6d.

No. 30, as Illustration.—In stout, soft Grey Rubber, double texture, Wool Satin back (soft as leather), collar and pipings of Kid. 52 inches long. Large and medium size.

£2 - 7 - 6

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Currants: MORE HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS COOKS

My readers will remember my remarks last week with regard to the high value of currants as a food, and how the addition of currants to various dishes not only improves them, but also makes them more nutritious. The late Sir William Gull, the celebrated physician, always advised his patients when on a long journey to carry with them plum pudding, owing to the sustaining properties of the currants, one of the largest ingredients. Though, personally, I do not think I should care to have to carry plum pudding about with me if I were travelling, the doctor, as was only natural, merely looked at the matter from a strictly professional point of view, realising its value as a food. As my recipes last week were found to be so successful, I am giving a few more :—

Rock Cakes

Quarter of a pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, ½ lb. flour, ½ lb. currants, 2 oz. moist sugar, one egg (optional), and half-gill milk. Put the butter into a basin with the baking powder. Beat the butter till it is quite in a cream, and work in gradually the flour. Add the currants, the sugar, the mixed peel (finely cut), and the rind of a lemon (grated). Beat the egg (if one be used), and mix with the milk ; and stir these into the mixture very stiffly ; place an inch and a half apart on a floured baking sheet in little knobs about the size of a walnut, and bake in a brisk oven.

Sago Pudding (Baked)

One and a half pints of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sago, rind of half a lemon, 3 oz. sugar, three eggs, 1½ oz. butter, plenty of currants, and grated nutmeg. Put the milk and lemon-rind into a stewpan by the fire until the milk is flavoured. Strain ; mix with it the sago and sugar and simmer for fifteen minutes. Let the mixture cool a little, and stir to it the eggs well beaten ; add butter and currants. Pour the pudding in a pie-dish, grate a little nutmeg over, and bake for ¾ hour or 1 hour. For puddings prepared by any different formula, add simply the currants.

Currant Pudding

One pound of currants, breadcrumbs, and milk. Chop or mince the currants, butter a deep dish, and put in alternate layers of breadcrumbs and layers of currants (a few sharp apples sliced may be added). Pour the milk (or milk and water) over the whole, and bake in a quick oven.

Fried Milk Cakes

A recipe given by Dr. Josiah Oldfield, M.A., Bc.L., some time editor of the *Vegetarian* : Make a stiff dough of fine wheat-meal and milk (or water). Add plenty of currants. Roll out as thin as possible and fry in butter. To make the cakes shorter, some butter or buttermilk may be worked into the dough. The cakes are delicious and of great value as a nutrient food.

Bread Pudding

Thin slices of bread and butter, plenty of currants, sugar to taste, and half a pint of milk. Butter a dish, and cover bottom with slices of bread and butter ; sprinkle a little sugar and some currants, then another layer of bread with sugar and currants as before, and so on till the dish is half full. Then pour in the milk, and bake for an hour. This is a splendid way of using up stale bread. It may be made one day very milky, another very dry. This dish lends itself to all sorts of varieties, and need never be made two days exactly alike. In fact, grated cocoanut may also be added in each layer, or a few slices of apple or candied peel.

Norfolk Dumplings

Take 1 lb. flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 3 oz. butter, and plenty of currants. Rub the butter into the flour, mix with a little water into dough, then work with the hand into dumplings and boil twenty minutes.

Dessert currants may be swelled in warm water for a few hours and eaten raw with these dumplings.

The Menu: A FEW WAYS OF PREPARING TURKEY

Boiled Turkey and Oyster Stuffing

Devilled Turkey

Turkey Soufflé

Chestnut Forcemeat Stuffing for Turkey

Boiled Turkey and Oyster Stuffing

Take a medium-sized turkey and stuff it with the following ingredients : Chop 4 oz. of suet very finely, mix it with 6 oz. of breadcrumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg to taste. Take the beards off two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor strained, and, lastly, two eggs. Truss the bird and tie it in a cloth. Place the turkey breast downwards in boiling water, and when it has come again to the boil skim well and simmer gently for an hour and a half, or longer according to size. Serve with a thick white sauce poured over, and garnish with fried sausages. A boiled tongue is an excellent accompaniment to this dish.

Devilled Turkey

Divide the legs and make some incisions in them with a sharp knife. Season them with pepper, salt, cayenne, lemon juice. Cover them well with made mustard and leave some hours. Spread a little butter over them and broil over a clear fire. Serve very hot.

Turkey Soufflé

Pound as small as possible about 3 oz. of the flesh of a boiled turkey, and mix with it four well-beaten eggs and a tablespoonful of cream, add a tiny flavouring of shallot, and a seasoning of pepper, salt, and cayenne. Place the mixture in a buttered mould, tie it well over with a cloth, and steam for an hour. Serve with a thick gravy round, and garnish with roasted chestnuts.

Chestnut Forcemeat Stuffing

Take about three dozen chestnuts, roast and peal them, and then put them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this for about twenty minutes, then drain off the gravy, and when they are quite cold mince them fine. Take a tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a piece of grated lemon-peel, a pinch of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Mix altogether in a mortar, adding the chestnuts, and moistening the whole with 2 oz. of butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs.

An Excellent Almond Sauce to be served with Plum Pudding

Beat up into a basin 2 oz. of fresh butter, and add to it 1 oz. of castor sugar, sixteen bitter almonds which have been blanched and pounded fine, and half a wineglass of brandy, to be all well beaten together until it looks like clotted cream.

EMILIA.

Ideal Hunting Quarters

At a Famous Hostelry

"YE OLDE BELL,"

at Barnby Moor

three miles from Retford, is in the centre of Viscount Galway's and six other packs of hounds. This famous old HOSTELRY has recently been restored and adapted to the requirements of Hunting Men, every modern convenience having been carefully blended with the traditions of the old coaching inn. Excellent stabling for twenty-five horses, saddle rooms, mashing houses, and living rooms for servants. Forage can be obtained from the Hotel on exceptionally moderate terms, or horses can stand at livery at fixed rates. Reasonable and inclusive terms for Visitors and Families staying at the Hotel for the Hunting Season. New billiard room, and excellent garage accommodation for motors.

WES

P and O

CRUISES IN SUNNY SEAS

by the luxuriously appointed

STEAM YACHT

VECTIS 6000 Tons 6000 H.P.

Portugal	Madeira	Canary Isles
Morocco	Spain	Algiers
Sicily	Corfu	Dalmatia
Venice	Naples	Greece
Syria	Palestine	Egypt &c

January to May

SIX CRUISES RANGING FROM 19 to 29 DAYS

MINIMUM FARES 15 to 30 GUINEAS

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION apply

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C. 122 LEADENHALL STREET E.C. LONDON

PEATMOOR

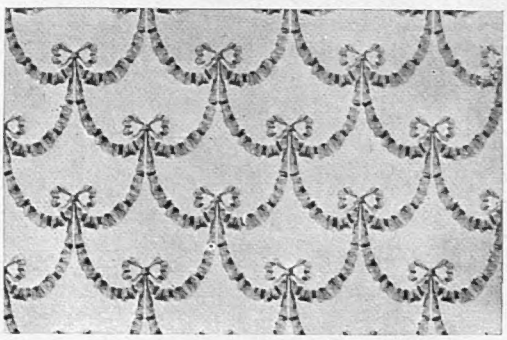
Old Scotch

WHISKY.

SOFT, MELLOW, DELIGHTFUL.

"CARRIES THE WILD ROUGH SCENT OF THE HIGHLAND BREEZE."

ART WALL PAPERS



The Acland, 1/6 per piece.

CHAS. KNOWLES & CO., Ltd., 164, KING'S ROAD

CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W. THE LARGEST SHOWROOMS IN LONDON.

PEPTONIZED COCOA & MILK

Savory & Moore Ltd

The high nutritive value of Cocoa is unquestioned, but its value depends on its digestibility.

Peptonized Cocoa and Milk can be readily taken by all, even by those who cannot take any other form of Cocoa.

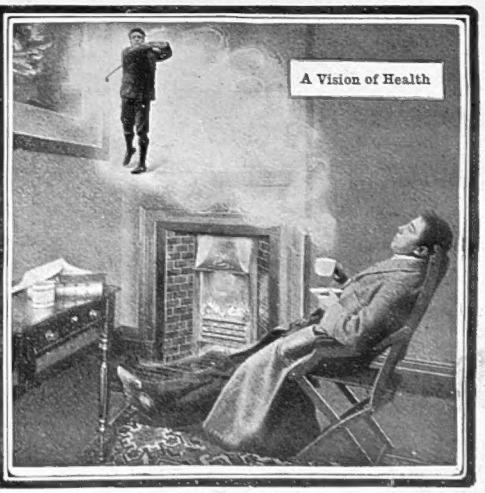
Moreover, it is the most delicious Cocoa.

Is made with pure rich Country Milk (Peptonized and Specially Prepared Cocoa.

No added Sugar or Milk needed. Instantly made—only requires boiling water.

Sold in Tins 2/6, half Tins 1/6. Sample Tin sent free on receipt of three penny stamps, by mentioning THE BYSTANDER

SAVORY & MOORE LIMITED, 143, New Bond Street, London, W.



Editor's Box

Railway Arrangements for Christmas

Great Northern Railway

We commend to the notice of the travelling public the facilities offered by the Great Northern Railway, who, once again, are carrying out in the spirit, as in the letter, their popular motto of "Holiday Travel a Speciality." Low fares, quick transit, and convenient departure times is the rule. On Fridays, December 22 and 29, excursion tickets for periods up to 17 days will be issued to York and stations in North-East England and Scotland, and valuable concessions are made for those desiring to break the journey. On Friday midnight, December 22, excursion tickets will be issued for 4, 5, or 8 days to Nottingham, Sheffield, West Riding, and North Eastern Districts. On Saturday, December 23, 4, 5, or 8 days' excursions will be run to the Norfolk District, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and the North Eastern District. Special Corridor Express Excursions will run on Sunday, December 24, for half, 2, 3, 4, or 7 days, Christmas Day, December 25, for half, 2, 3, or 6 days, and Sunday, December 31, for half-day to Peterboro', Spalding, etc. Sundays, 24th and 31st, and Christmas Day (25th), cheap excursions have been arranged to St. Albans, Hertford, Harpenden, Peterboro', etc.; also on Boxing Day (26th), for day or half-day to St. Albans, Hertford, etc.; and for day to Hitchin, Baldock, Royston, Cambridge, Huntingdon, etc., and other easily accessible places, whilst on Boxing Day, half-day, day, and period excursion tickets will be issued to Peterboro', Grantham, Nottingham, and Sheffield. The usual week-end tickets will also be issued, with the important addition of a return on the following Wednesday. Tickets are obtainable at King's Cross (G.N.R), suburban, and city stations and receiving offices, and full particulars will be found in an attractive Christmas Excursion Programme, to be had of any G.N. station or agent, and the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross.

London and North Western Railway

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Saturday, December 16, to Saturday, December 23, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations.

Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the Town Receiving Offices of the Company.

Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western passenger trains for the Christmas holidays.

Christmas Parcels. — Special arrangements will be made for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels at the reduced rates now in operation, which in no case exceed Parcel Post rates.

Tourists' tickets, available for six calendar months, are issued daily to North, South, and Central Wales, Cambrian Line Stations, Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, Windermere, Grange, Ulverston, the English Lake District, Leamington, Buxton, Malvern, Scarborough, and other seaside and inland watering-place; also (available for two months) to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, and other stations in Ireland.

The Company have also arranged a very full programme of cheap excursions for the holidays.

For full particulars, see the Company's announcements.

Debrett and "Who's Who"

We have received copies of the editions for the forthcoming year of "Who's Who" and Debrett's "Peerage" respectively, both publications being fully up to date, and the latter including the names of members of the new Cabinet. It is safe to say that without these two volumes no office, library, club, or hotel, is properly furnished, for the necessity for frequent reference to them increases every year.

A Handy Retail Establishment

Toys, crackers, fireworks, Christmas cards, and all the artistic products of the great firm of Raphael Tuck, may be purchased from T. B. L., King's Premises, Savoy Corner, Strand. This handy retail establishment should appeal especially to children, a feature of the display there being a big box of ten toys for a shilling.

Waterman's Fountain Pens

Many claims are made for fountain pens, but there is no doubt that of the fountain pens the most popular is that known as Waterman's Ideal. 750,000 of these pens have been sold during this year, and since the original patent was taken out by L. E. Waterman, the annual sale has almost doubled every year. Only so recently as November, the *Journal of the Society of Arts* printed a very scientific article reviewing pen construction, dealing practically with all the fountain pens ever invented. Of Waterman's Ideal the journal says: "In every fountain pen the feed is the all-important detail that makes or mars its success. The feed of the Ideal is the essence of simplicity. It is strong and unlikely to get out of order, and it ensures a copious flow of ink at the business end of the pen, without fear of delivering it too quickly." Another interesting quotation from the same article says: "It is stated by the manufacturers that their pens will hold sufficient ink to write from 16,000 to 30,000 words." Of distinguished users of the fountain pen there are many; it is supplied to the Royal Family, and is increasingly used by all classes. Amongst well-known users of Waterman's Ideal are Mr. Frankfort Moore, novelist, who states that his pen wrote over two million words without a single alteration; Mr. Bennett Burleigh, correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*; Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Robt. Barr, Mr. W. T. Stead, and Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., all of whom have written glowingly of its merits.

Gamage's Bazaar

Gamage's great Christmas bazaar is a veritable emporium of delight. It is one of the greatest exhibitions of its kind in London, and contains all the wonders of Toyland, from soldiers of all nations to motors. Admission is free, and all are invited to come early and bring the family.

The Christmas number of the "Fishing Gazette" (price twopence) contains much excellent literary matter and many good illustrations of interest to anglers.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.